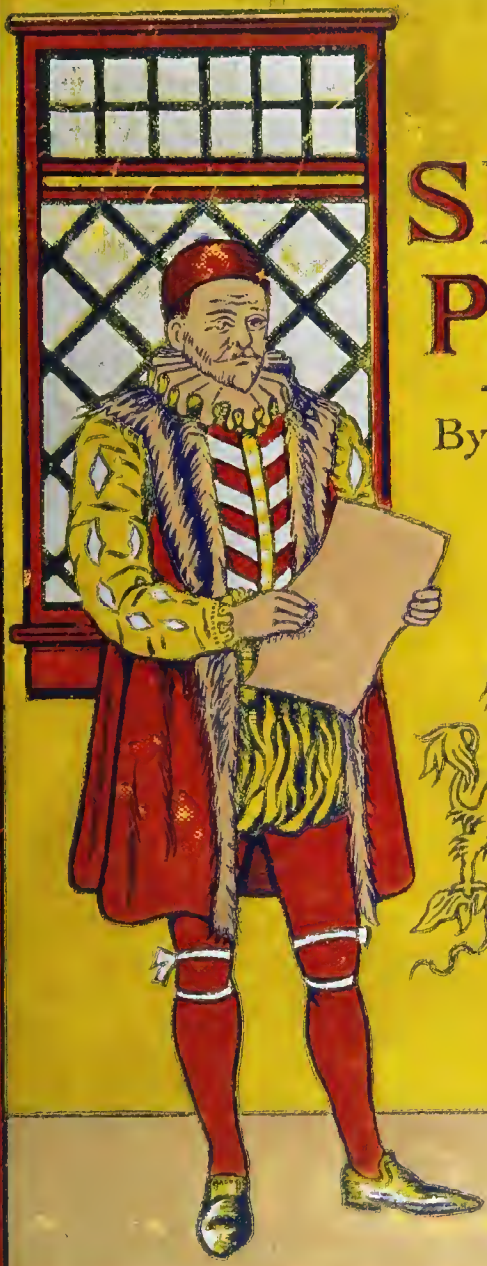
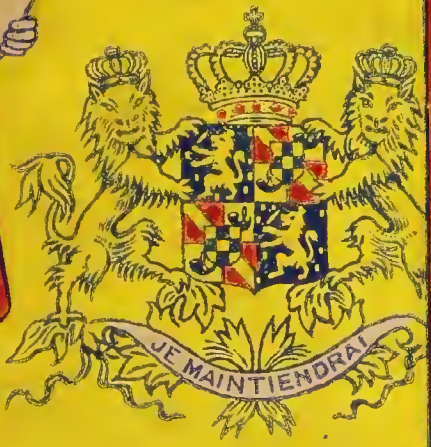
THE SILENT PRINCE

By Mrs. H.A. CLARK.

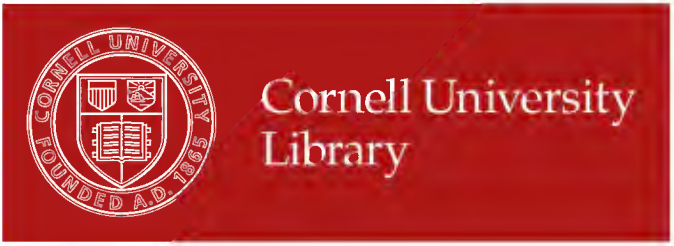


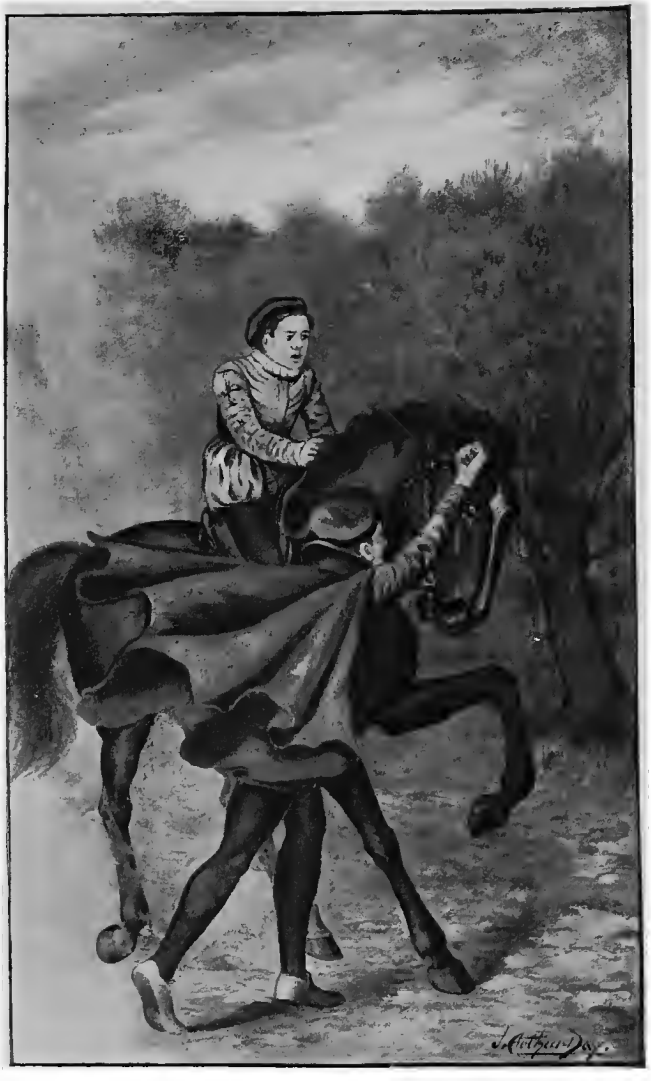


Rufus Park
Xmas 1900.

Readers Signature
Catherine Park 1924

DATE DUE





"JUNIUS DEALT THE ANIMAL A POWERFUL BLOW." Page 20.

THE SILENT PRINCE

A Story of the Netherlands

BY

MRS. HATTIE ARNOLD CLARK,

AUTHOR OF "PRO CHRISTO," "FATHER JEROME," ETC.

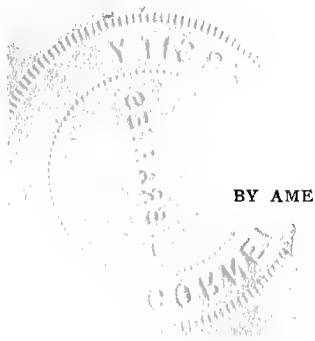
"For Fatherland and Conscience."—*Motto of William the Silent.*

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that nature might stand up
And say to all the world: *This was a man.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY

150 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK

This little volume
is dedicated to the memory of
my beloved father,
Daniel Woodward Arnold,
and to my mother,
Frances Fay Arnold,
whose living presence has ever
been a source of
inspiration.



CONTENTS

THE SILENT PRINCE

INTRODUCTION.

It was Christmas morning in Brussels in the year of grace 1565. For twenty-four hours the snow had been steadily falling, but now the storm had ceased, and the stars shone clear and bright from the frosty sky. The streets of the capital were deserted, if we except a few belated travellers who were hurriedly seeking shelter from the piercing northwest wind.

The festivities incident to Christmas Eve had ceased. The good people of Brussels were quietly sleeping with joyful anticipations of a brighter to-morrow. Well might the nation rejoice, and the denizens of the city peacefully repose. Had not a signal victory been gained? Was not the hated Cardinal Granvelle recalled to Madrid, and had not the Spanish troops been removed from the Netherlands?

Ten years had passed since the eyes of the world had been directed to that unique spectacle, which

custom had not rendered stale—an imperial abdication. The crown which had begun to press too heavily upon the ambitious head of Charles the Fifth, emperor of Germany and king of Spain, was now formally laid aside and the sceptre was confided to younger hands. It was a rich and powerful kingdom which the abdication of Charles had placed in the hands of Philip the Second. The Netherlands comprised seventeen of the most flourishing provinces in Europe. For commercial pursuits, their situation in close proximity to the sea was unrivalled. The soil, which the industry and perseverance of the thrifty people had wrested from old ocean, was fertile and yielded rich harvests. The Netherlanders themselves were an honest, peaceable folk, yet when aroused they were the most belligerent and excitable population on the continent. The reformed religion, which had been crushed in Spain by the Inquisition, had developed in the Netherlands a kind of sacred patriotism, and freedom both of speech and of conscience was an established fact among all classes of society. The policy which had worked like magic in Spain, was a dismal failure in the Netherlands. Spain might be lurid with the flames of the auto da fé, and one by one the gentle voices of her noble Protestant martyrs might be silenced; in the Netherlands the love of religious liberty had taken fast root, and neither Philip's commands, the

pope's threats, nor the grand inquisitor's bloody deeds could stamp it out of existence.

When the Emperor Charles entered the royal palace at Brussels, and leaning on the arm of William of Orange, delivered his valedictory address in broken accents to the assembled throng, the people wept and applauded. They forgot, in that hour, that it was his hand which had planted the Inquisition in their midst. His faithful subjects remembered only that he was a Fleming, and that his preference for the language and customs of his native land, neither the imperial crown of Germany, nor the Spanish diadem which destiny had added to the coronet of his fatherland, could diminish in the slightest degree. They readily took the oath of allegiance to support his son, and at the time they were sincere in their pledges of fealty.

Ten years wrought many changes. Philip the Second was soon detested by the Netherlanders as much as his father was revered. These provinces, so passionate in their desire for civil and religious liberty, had become the property of an utter stranger—a prince foreign to their blood, their tongue, their religion; to one whose oft-repeated maxim was, "Better not rule at all, than to rule over a nation of heretics."

Philip had entrusted the subjugation of the Netherlands to two persons, the Regent, Margaret of Parma, and Cardinal Granvelle. The Regent was

but a puppet in the hands of the King and the ambitious ecclesiastic. The people soon found that one by one their municipal privileges were withdrawn, their ancient charters annulled, religious persecution redoubled, and as a crowning insult, thousands of Spanish soldiers were quartered upon them in a time of peace.

Cardinal Granvelle was personally responsible for many of these evils. His zeal for the crown, combined with his arrogance, provoked the wrath of the nobles. Even the Regent, wearied with discord and strife, prayed for his dismissal. For five years Philip joined issue with the people of the Netherlands in a struggle of life and death. At last the nation, Catholics and Protestants alike, rose as one man and demanded the removal of Granvelle. Philip was compelled to discharge the hated prelate, and the latter left Brussels never to return.

An exultant shout went up from the Netherlands: "Granvelle has gone! The victory is ours!" A victory forsooth! yet one which was to be purchased only with the blood of eighty years of civil strife.

The herald angels sang once more on this Christmas morning their hallelujah chorus: "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good will to men." Tears must have mingled with this hymn of praise, as they saw in the Netherlands "Hu-

manity bleeding but not killed, standing at bay and defying her hunters."

But God's deliverer was at hand. Out of the gloomy background there rose a figure, at first indistinct, shadowy, but as the contest proceeded, becoming clearly defined. It was the figure of a man, who in this bigoted age loved and exercised tolerance in the affairs of conscience; a man, who to his latest breath contended that freedom of inquiry was an inalienable right of the human race; a man whose magnanimity and self-abnegation for the cause of freedom well deserved the double glory of exalted position and final martyrdom.

This man was William of Orange, the Silent Prince.

CHAPTER I.

THE DEATHBED OF A PRINCESS.

ELIZABETH STUYVESANT, widow of Duke Oswald, Burgrave of Ghent, (likewise Prince of Aremburg and Count Van Horne,) lay dying. A great lady was she, princess, duchess and countess; yet death, that despotic tyrant, had dared to summon her hence. In a gorgeous palace in Brussels, surrounded by all the pageant and ceremony which wealth affords, the soul of this titled lady was passing to judgment.

The Princess Elizabeth was a good woman as the world counts goodness. She was benevolent, just, a loyal adherent and a zealous partisan of the Roman Catholic Church, and upright in all her dealings with those about her; in a word, her moral character was considered unimpeachable. Her faith taught her that such virtues as those enumerated would count for much at that Higher Tribunal to which she was hastening.

Strange as it may seem, these excellencies did not serve as a quietus for a troubled conscience.

In spite of her exemplary life, the mind of the illustrious princess was ill at ease.

The silver-toned clock on the mantel struck the hour of midnight. The bells in the tower of St. Gudule sounded forth the Annunciation chimes. The sick woman stirred uneasily, and opened her eyes.

"What o'clock is it, Gretchen?" she inquired of the nurse.

"It is Christmas morning, gracious lady."

"Has his reverence Monseigneur Ryder come?"

"No, my lady."

"Pray, my good Gretchen, that he may not arrive too late to hear my confession."

"Father Heemskirk is here and desires to see you," said the nurse hesitatingly.

"I shall talk with no one except Monseigneur Ryder," said the Princess with emphasis.

The hours sped by. The sick woman fell into a troubled slumber. Now and then her lips moved rapidly, and bending lower Gretchen caught these disjointed sentences:

"A prince of Aremburg, THE Prince of Aremburg a Protestant! My God, that such should be the truth!... No one robbed him of his rightful heritage.... He renounced it that he might follow his mad delusion.... I did not disinherit him; his father did it. The blame is not mine... but it weighs heavily on my soul. I must try to make

amends before I die . . . the time is getting short!"

The Princess opened her eyes. A gentle footfall was heard. The door opened noiselessly and a priest entered. He was tall, finely formed, with a refined face and clear-cut, pale features. His eyes were bright with the power of intellect. His voice, though low and well modulated, had yet in it a note of command, which rendered obedience absolute. He advanced quickly to the bedside, and making the sign of the cross said, "In nomine Patris—et Filii—et Spiritûs Sancti, Amen."

"The saints be praised, Monseigneur Ryder, that you have arrived in season. I have a secret to impart to you which presses heavily on my soul."

"Make me a full confession at once," replied the priest fastening his compelling eyes on the ones so rapidly growing dim. "Your hours are numbered."

The nurse entered the room, and after administering a cordial, quietly withdrew. The Princess began in a weak voice:

"Your reverence, I am called a good woman, yet for ten years I have aided and abetted a lie. It has been generally understood that my husband's son died, and that in default of an heir these princely estates, at my decease, would revert to the Church. Such in fact were the conditions of Duke Oswald's will. Father Ryder, the heir to all this property is living!"

The priest started visibly. "Do I understand you that Duke Oswald's son is alive?"

"He is, your reverence, but terrible to relate he is a Protestant."

"A prince of Aremburg a heretic! What a disgrace!" said the priest. "How did it happen?"

"Francis had a tutor who unbeknown to us was a French Huguenot. He desired to travel with our son, assuring us that a polish and elegance of manner befitting our son's rank could be obtained in no other way. Accordingly our son, in company with this treacherous tutor, travelled for a year on the continent, finally returning as far as Switzerland. From Geneva, Francis wrote us that he had become a Huguenot. The blow fell upon us like lightning from a clear sky. Duke Oswald, in a towering rage, wrote immediately to his son, that unless he renounced these odious doctrines and returned to the Romish faith he would disinherit him. A prompt reply came from Francis, saying that while he regretted angering his father, he could not give up the Huguenot doctrines, for he believed them to be God's truth. He furthermore announced that he would not bring disgrace upon our noble house by longer bearing its honored name: but that henceforth Francis Stuyvesant was dead. 'Be it so!' said the Duke in a voice like thunder. 'My son is dead!' The Duke then informed his household and his friends that Fran-

cis had died of a malignant fever and was buried abroad. We went into the deepest mourning and no one doubted our words.

"We heard nothing more from this ungrateful son until Duke Oswald lay upon his deathbed. Then a letter came from Francis begging his father to forgive him before he died. He wanted none of the princely fortune, but he desired a father's blessing. His letter was dated at Borges and was signed Francis La Force. The Duke tore the letter into strips, and turned his face to the wall. He would not allow me to summon Francis or even to write to him. The next day he died without granting his son's request. That was about ten years ago. Francis must now be in the neighborhood of twenty-five years of age, lovable, handsome, talented! My God, that such rare gifts should be so squandered!

"Your reverence, I have sent for Francis to come to me. I waited to consult with you before taking this important step, but as you delayed your coming, I acted as my heart dictated. I love the lad and I want to try to persuade him to return to the arms of the Church. Perhaps by this time he will be glad to cast aside his delusions. If he consents to renounce his Huguenot ideas, and will become a good Catholic, he shall inherit my private fortune, which will make him independently rich. If he fails to come, or refuses my request, this

money will go to charitable objects. I trust that I have not displeased your reverence."

"You have acted unwisely, my daughter, but in your present condition this is not surprising. Had I been with you, I should have counselled you differently. Your offence has been merely the result of physical weakness, and is therefore pardonable. If you will promise that you will not leave your fortune to that heretic if he continues in wilful sin, I will grant you absolution."

"I promise."

An unusual noise was heard in the courtyard. Voices were raised and doors were hastily opened and closed.

"Francis has come!" said the Princess. "Leave me, I pray you, Monseigneur, but remain within call. Bid Gretchen to admit my guest without delay."

Her commands were obeyed, and shortly the dying woman and the Prince of Aremburg were face to face. The young stranger was certainly attractive. His figure, though slight, was well proportioned, and there was a dignity and grace in every movement. His face, with its aristocratic curves, bore a striking resemblance to the deceased Prince of Aremburg. Its expression was sweet, yet there were firm lines about the mouth, indicative of an ability to decide and to abide by his decisions with the courage born of conviction.

His complexion was pale, but it was not the sickly pallor of an invalid, but rather the scholarly reflection from books.

For a moment the young man stood by the bedside of the dying Princess in silence. Then he said:

"We meet once more, Madame la Princesse. Tell me your commands quickly, that I may leave this place so full of sad remembrances."

"Francis, I have summoned you to beg of you to return to the one true fold. You know that I love you, and your soul's salvation is dear to my heart. My fortune is at your disposal if you will only renounce your Huguenot doctrines. Will you not grant my dying request?"

"Dear madam," said the young man with emotion, "your words affect me deeply, but my duty to God and my own conscience must precede my duty to man. I do not desire your money. I am a Protestant and shall always remain so. Is it possible that you do not know who I am?" He stooped and whispered a name in her ear. The effect was startling. With a shriek the Princess cried: "You, that vile, blasphemous preacher! Holy Mother! this is too much!" With a groan she sank fainting upon the pillows.

Monseigneur Ryder and the nurse hearing the Princess cry out, hurried to the bedside. The latter administered a strong stimulant, but it was in vain. The last great change was stealing over the face of

the great lady. After giving the stranger a keen glance, the holy father began to perform the last rites of the Church. Before he had finished his prayers for the passing soul, the Princess Elizabeth was dead. Amid the lamentations and the confusion which the news of the great lady's decease caused her household, the Protestant preacher went unobserved from the palace.

It was only when Monseigneur Ryder's place was taken by other functionaries of the Church, and he was seated in the dead lady's oratory, that the face of the young man returned to his mind.

"That countenance is familiar," he mused. "Where have I met that man? Ah, I have it! It was two years ago when I was sent on a secret mission to Geneva. This young fellow was creating quite a stir with his wonderful oratorical gifts. The Prince of Aremburg and the proscribed preacher Francis Junius are one and the same person."

Father Ryder sprang to his feet and paced the floor in excitement. "May the saints forgive me, if I have unwittingly allowed the most dangerous heretic in all the Netherlands to slip out of my hands."

The priest left the oratory, and made his way with catlike tread to the courtyard, where several guards were lounging. Beckoning one of them into an anteroom, Father Ryder said, "Did you

mark that stranger who was with the Princess during her last hours? "

" Yes, your reverence."

" Where is he now? "

" He hurried off some time ago. I did not notice which way he went."

" You must find him at all hazards."

" I can try, your reverence."

" Can you hold your tongue? "

" Surely, your reverence."

" Then God and the Holy Virgin speed you on your way. If you are successful, you shall have a handful of ducats. But if I find you unfaithful, your back shall smart for many a day. Now begone! "

The priest returned to the oratory, but instead of repeating prayers for the dead, he was planning a scene in which Monseigneur Ryder and the heretic Francis Junius were to be the chief actors.

CHAPTER II.

THE ADVENTURE.

FRANCIS JUNIUS hurried from the presence of the Princess of Aremburg, feeling confident that the look of half recognition on the Jesuit's face boded ill. He wrapped his fur-trimmed cloak more closely around him, and drawing his slouched hat well over his face, soon left the palace far behind in the distance.

As he neared the brow of a hill, a cry for help was heard. Looking back, the preacher saw a frightened horse covered with foam, which with hanging head and dilated nostrils was galloping madly on. The beast was a powerful animal, and his rider, a mere boy, had lost all control of him. He had loosened his hold on the reins and was clinging to the horse's mane. It was evident that if the animal dashed down the hill, he would stumble and fall, or would at least succeed in flinging his rider. Without a second's hesitation Junius threw himself directly in the path of the frightened steed, and seized the bridle. With an almost superhuman effort he endeavored to force the horse

upon his haunches, but the maddened brute reared and plunged wildly, and threatened to throw the preacher down and trample him under his hoofs. Junius dealt the animal a powerful blow with his clenched fist on its forehead. The brute recognized the hand of a master, and quivering in every limb he stood still.

The young rider slipped off the horse's back and stood before his rescuer.

"Seigneur," he said in faltering tones, "how can I express my thanks to you? You have saved me from a terrible death."

The lad who thus spoke was perhaps fifteen years of age, with a tall slight figure and a delicate feminine face. His features were perfect in outline. The rounded chin and curved lips were exquisitely formed. The broad white brow was shaded by rings of bronze-brown hair, and from under delicately pencilled eyebrows looked forth a pair of wonderful dark-blue eyes, clear yet fathomless, like a lake on which the sun is shining. That the lad belonged to a family of consequence was evidenced by his rich though disorderly dress.

Junius was attracted by the frank, ingenuous countenance of the youth, and he answered with a smile, "Yes, my young sir, you have had a narrow escape. My appearance at this time was truly providential. You are not strong enough to manage such a powerful animal."

"Fritz said that I was foolhardy," answered the boy, "and I now know that he was right. But for you, I should have paid dearly for my wilfulness."

Just at this moment a servant in splendid livery rode up on horseback, pale and breathless.

"Ah, my lord Hugo," he said, "you have given me a terrible fright. I will never consent again to your riding this wicked brute. You know I told you he was altogether too fresh and full of mettle for you to use. I fairly held my breath when you dashed out of sight. My lord knows that I cannot refuse him anything," and Fritz gazed reproachfully into the face of his youthful master.

"You have a right to rebuke me," replied Hugo. "I admit that I was a foolish fellow not to take your advice. But I want you to say nothing to my uncle about the affair, there's a good Fritz. You know uncle will not allow me my liberty, if he should know of this escapade. There really is no harm done to any one. See, I have not so much as a scratch! Now take both the horses back to the stable. I will follow as soon as I have spoken with my rescuer."

Fritz gave a reluctant consent to his master's request, and departed to do his bidding.

The boy turned once more to Junius.

"Seigneur," he said, "can I not do something for you to repay you for your kindness? Or, better yet, will you not accompany me to my uncle's

house? You look sad and ill. I know my uncle would do much for one who has saved the life of his favorite nephew."

"And what may your uncle's name be?" replied Junius, touched by the lad's ingenuous words and winning manner.

"Baron Berlaymont." The effect of this name upon Francis Junius was electrical.

"You, the nephew of the Tiger of Brussels?" burst from the preacher's lips. "Is it possible to rear a dove in a falcon's nest?"

"The Tiger of Brussels," repeated the boy in astonishment. "Is that what people call my uncle? Why should one so good and kind be called a tiger? It is unjust, monstrous!"

"Ask Baron Berlaymont to take you to the dungeons of the Inquisition in Brussels, where hundreds of your fellow countrymen languish in noisome cells, or to witness the spectacle, far from rare, of the terrible auto da fé. Your uncle's voice is heard in all the councils. His lips are the first to denounce the heretic. You will then find an answer to your question."

The youth gazed spellbound into the stern face of the preacher. His cheek flushed and paled. The fruits of the tree of knowledge were already producing bitterness of soul. Hugo whispered rather than spoke the words, "Is my uncle one of the inquisitors?"

Junius regretted his harsh accusation as he gazed into the guileless face of the boy, and his heart smote him with sharp reproach. He would gladly have retracted his words, when he saw the pain he had caused. He had unwittingly changed the whole tenor of that young life. He had forever closed the golden door of trust in that young heart. With a word he had exposed the sin and misery of the world in their nakedness. With a look of compassion, and with infinite tenderness, he answered,

"Yes, my boy."

"And is it because you are a heretic that you will not seek my uncle's presence?"

Again the preacher nodded assent.

Hugo Berlaymont stood for a moment in thoughtful silence, then he said, "Seigneur, I want to know more about your religion."

Junius smiled sadly. "Why seek, my boy, to enter upon so dangerous an experiment? You are young, and your path in life is without doubt already mapped out for you."

"Seigneur, I must know the truth."

The preacher was silent for a few moments. The passion for souls was strong within him. In this time of religious and political upheaval, mighty interests left small space for delicacy of feeling. The thought that he was acting in direct antagonism to the wishes of the lad's natural guardian never

occurred to Junius in the far greater question of the lad's eternal happiness or misery. That he might test his companion's strength of character, he hazarded another argument.

"My boy, the religion you seek is banned and persecuted. You can learn about it only by stealth. Are you capable of keeping inviolate a weighty secret?"

"I am," was the fearless reply. Looking into the earnest face of the youth, the preacher's last, lingering objection was silenced.

"The finger of God is in this request," he said devoutly. "I may not deny my Master's message to any sincere seeker. Come to-night to the shop of the hairdresser, Monsieur Le Févre, where I shall preach the Word to the brethren. The password is 'Fidelity.' I trust you implicitly. Having saved your life, I know that you will not deliver me into the hands of the Inquisition." With a kind smile, Junius held out his hand in farewell.

"You can trust me, Seigneur," cried Hugo. "I will never betray you."

CHAPTER III.

THE HUGUENOT PREACHER.

In all the large towns and cities throughout Holland and Belgium, and even in Brussels, where resided the Regent, the preaching of the reformed faith was carried forward. Now winked at, now persecuted with the utmost vigor, always exposed to mortal peril, the Reformation never lacked fearless and devoted preachers. Some of these were converted monks, like Christopher Fabricius, Hermann Strycker and Peter Dathenus. Others were men of humble calling and no education, who, unfortunately for themselves and others, remembered at this time that the early disciples were not doctors of theology or the proud possessors of diplomas from the centres of learning. These curriers, barbers, tinkers, and dyers began to preach also. It is a sad fact that their ill-timed exhortations sometimes did more to retard the cause of the Reformation than to advance it.

But the charge of illiteracy could not be levelled at such preachers as Ambrose Wille, Guy de Bray, Peregrine de la Grange and Francis Junius, all

men of culture and learning, and all scions of the noblest houses in France and Belgium. These men had been educated at the most celebrated universities, and had studied theology at the feet of Calvin.

After his meeting with the preacher, Hugo Berlaymont spent the remainder of the day in the library. At dusk, he had no difficulty in leaving the house unobserved, for his uncle was away, and the servants were too much occupied with their own affairs to watch his movements. This night expedition had about it all the coloring of a romance, and the spice of danger only deepened the fascination.

The shop of the celebrated hairdresser was brilliantly lighted, and several patrons were receiving the attentions of the tonsorial artists, when Hugo entered the door. Monsieur le Févre came forward with smiles and eloquent gestures of welcome. Yet a gleam of suspicion lurked in his eye, as he beheld the nephew of Baron Berlaymont,—the man of whom it was asserted that he had but one passion stronger than his pride, and that was his bigotry: that slavish vassal of the Church, whose fanaticism and cruelty had earned for him the title, "Tiger of Brussels."

"How can I serve my lord?" said Monsieur, bowing obsequiously.

Hugo drew the hairdresser aside, and said in a whisper, "I desire speech with the preacher who is

to come here to-night. I met and talked with him to-day. He said the word 'Fidelity' would admit me to his presence." Le Févre looked into the youth's honest eyes, and was satisfied with their expression.

"All right!" he said briefly. "Follow me."

After looking around and seeing that the last customer had been served, Monsieur told his attendants to close the shop for the night. He then said in a loud voice to Hugo, "Perfumes, did you say? Come, my lord, into the next room, and I will show you some perfumes worthy of your inspection. It only remains for you to select the odor you prefer. Many young gentlemen are fond of musk, but to me it is very disagreeable."

The door which led into the front shop being closed, it is needless to state that Le Févre and his companion did not loiter to test the quality of concentrated extracts. Behind a curtain was a door, and through this the two entered a long, dimly lighted passage, passed through another door, and then down a flight of stairs into a large cellar.

About a hundred people were present, mostly men and women from the humble walks of life —mechanics, artisans, farmers, bakers—all sons of toil, with their wives and children. It needed but a glance into those earnest, devout faces to read the tale of suffering and devotion to a well-chosen cause. Old men with whitened locks were there,

who, though unable by reason of feebleness to defend their faith, yet were willing to suffer for its preservation. Tender women were there with faces of sweet resignation. Boys and girls hardly old enough to grasp the great truths of their faith, or to fully comprehend its dangers, were there, as well as men in the prime of life, who were fully determined to fight valiantly for their convictions. Calamity and ruin menaced every one present, yet the audience sat listening with eagerness to every word which fell from the lips of their beloved preacher; words which, if overheard by their enemies, would deliver them over to certain destruction. A hymn was being sung when the hairdresser and his companion entered the cellar. They sat down in the rear of the audience, unobserved, except by a few persons. The only light in the cellar was from a single lamp, so placed that its rays shone directly upon the preacher's face, and brought out in bold relief his stern, pale features. Thought and sorrow and hardship had ploughed deep furrows on that noble countenance, and robbed it of every vestige of color. Pale as marble, it gleamed from under the dark hair. His eyes surveyed his unlettered audience, and seemed to divine the secret thoughts of the men and women before him.

The preacher was attired in a dark suit, noticeable for its simplicity and lack of ornamentation.

A dagger hung by his side. In fact, every man present had a weapon of some kind concealed about his person. The Netherlanders believed in the righteousness of armed resistance, and their preachers were of necessity men of war.

When Francis Junius rose to speak, Hugo Berlaymont forgot everything else, and gazed as one fascinated into the dark, attractive face. Junius was pre-eminently an orator. Feeling deeply the truth of the message he had to bring, he swept others by storm. Yet he never so far forgot himself but what he held immense forces in reserve. He possessed the graceful eloquence, the picturesque diction, and striking imagery of the south, combined with a magnetic voice, which was capable of expressing every shade of emotion.

God's pioneers in the Reformation were strong, rugged, uncompromising men, like Martin Luther, John Knox, John Calvin. These men were like the backwoodsman, who with axe in hand hews a path through the primeval forest. Junius was the representative of a class of preachers who came after, and who by their persuasive logic won by love what the others had gained through fear. Each type of reformer was necessary in God's plan.

The preacher's text was in the words of Jesus, "I came not to bring peace upon the earth, but a sword"; and his discourse included a vigorous de-

nouncement of the cruel edicts, and an appeal for resistance.

"Brethren of the Netherlands," he said, "we are commanded to wield the sword in this righteous cause. God calls us to be the weapon with which to overcome falsehood and oppression. Though you are among the least of the nations, you may yet win victories which shall place you among the greatest. The contest shall be that of all humanity. You may yet expel the seeds of disease from this soil. You are not yet exiled and hunted, like your brethren, the unhappy Huguenots. Exert yourselves to save your native land. Linger not until the bloody edicts of the oppressor shall be enforced. I know from experience that 'the bread of the exile is bitter, and tears fall into his cup.'

"In this age men are tested and judged. What shall be written of you? That you fought the good fight of faith, and delivered your native land from the hand of the destroyer? or that you submitted like cowards, and allowed the tyrant to plant his heel on your necks? Think you that submission will bring mercy? Look at the emissaries of the Inquisition! Look at Spain! Then lay aside all dreams of mercy. In Spain the auto da fé still sends up its lurid fires; the rack is never without a victim, her prisons are always crowded. Our enemies have shown us that their forbearance is re-

luctant weakness, that their persecutions are triumphant power. Brethren of the Netherlands, will you suffer such atrocities to take place on this free soil?"

The audience was strongly moved. The men clenched their fists, and their eyes flashed fire. Their labored breathing sounded like a reply to the preacher's question.

Junius raised his hand and all was silent. With a face working with suppressed emotion, he leaned forward and said:

"Brethren, let me relate what I last heard from the Inquisition in Spain. You all know about the dreadful *oubliette*, that dark, sealed dungeon, where the poor victim is starved by degrees. The other day one of these dreadful places was opened. Only the skeleton of a man was found, but on the wall above his head he had traced with a piece of charcoal his confession of faith: 'O Christ, they may separate me from Thy Church, but they cannot separate me from Thee.'

"Remember this, my brethren: it is not alone for our own sakes that we are willing to suffer, but for Christ's sake. It is for His sake that we are killed all the day long. But thanks be to God, we shall yet come off more than conquerors, through Him who hath loved us."

The preacher's face lighted up with a serene smile, which lent to it a singular charm. For the

moment he looked youthful. All the traces of care, sorrow and hardship which the last few years had written upon his features were effaced by this expression of exquisite joy. Raising his eyes and lifting his hands he cried, "O Thou, once crucified and now glorified Redeemer, stand Thou before our eyes, as Thou wast last seen by Thine infant church, with Thy hands extended over Thy people to bless them. Thy children need Thee. As Thy reign upon earth was inaugurated by the murder of little children, so even to this day innocent blood is being shed."

Hardly were these words uttered, when a lurid glare shone through the windows, and made the entire cellar as light as day. Sounds of confusion, accompanied by the tramp of hurried feet and the echo of many voices, broke upon the stillness. A nameless fear fell upon this little band of disciples.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SILENT PRINCE.

THE market-place was a dark, heaving sea of humanity—soldiers, priests, magistrates, courtiers, countrymen and townsmen, who had gathered by common consent about a space which had been cleared of snow. Look where you would, there was nothing to be seen but heads. All eyes were fixed with curiosity on the open square, with its significant stake, its iron chains and heaps of faggots. Men were jostled and buffeted in their desire to see the awful spectacle. Silence reigned supreme. It was like the ominous stillness which precedes the thunder-storm.

Soon from out the gloomy prison came the soldiers, who conducted their victim to the place of execution. The unfortunate man was gagged, yet no one could help seeing that he was a terrified and unwilling actor in this tragedy. As he neared the market-place, the silence was broken by groans and hisses, and cries of "Coward!" "Renegade!" burst spontaneously from a hundred throats.

Just at this moment the crowd parted, to make

way for a splendid equipage, on which was emblazoned the escutcheon of the Prince of Orange. In an instant the tumult ceased, and all but the soldiers uncovered their heads as the nobleman rode slowly toward the royal palace. There were two occupants in the carriage. The younger man had a handsome face, a dark complexion, large and expressive brown eyes, and symmetrical features. His forehead was high and spacious. He wore a mustache and a pointed beard. There were threads of silver in the dark hair, and the forehead was wrinkled by anxious thought. His frame was slightly bent, as if the weight of public affairs rested too heavily upon his shoulders. He was dressed in the magnificent costume for which the Netherlanders were famous. This man was William of Nassau, the Prince of Orange.

Born of Protestant parentage, William was sent to Brussels to be educated when but eleven years of age. He served the Emperor Charles in the capacity of page. The Emperor soon discovered that the lad was no ordinary boy. Even at this early age he showed remarkable prudence, judgment, and the power, so rare, of reading and using men. His royal patron soon raised him to the rank of confidential adviser. His natural abilities were stimulated and developed in this favorable atmosphere. During his long apprenticeship at the court of the most powerful monarch of his age, William

carefully observed the great events of history which were taking place. When he arrived at man's estate, Charles rapidly advanced his young favorite, and the highest and most important duties were confided to his discretion. Before he was twenty-one years of age, William was made commander-in-chief of the army on the French frontier.

It was on the arm of William that the Emperor leaned in that magnificent scene of his abdication; and William was also selected by Philip, on account of his wonderful gift of diplomacy, to arrange the terms of the famous treaty with France. It was during his absence from the Netherlands on this embassy that he made the discovery which earned for him the title " The Silent Prince."

While hunting with King Henry in the forest at Vincennes, William and his royal host became separated from the rest of the company. The King was full of a plot, which he and Philip were concocting, to extirpate Protestantism from France and the Netherlands. Feeling confident of the sympathy of William, whom he believed to be aware of the plan, Henry opened the subject without reserve. His discreet companion manifested no surprise, even when Henry with cruel cynicism explained the details of the projected massacre, and volunteered the information that the Spanish troops were being retained in the Netherlands for no other

purpose than the extermination of the "accursed vermin."

Burning with indignation at this cold-blooded narrative, and horror-stricken at the imminent peril of his fellow countrymen, William nevertheless assumed a mask which his life at court had taught him, and received the news with a serene countenance. When his friends learned of this incident, they called him thereafter "William the Taciturn."

From this moment the seeds of Protestantism which had been planted in his infant mind by his pious mother, Juliana of Stolberg, began to take root. He made it in his way to return to the Netherlands as speedily as possible, fully determined to compel the King to recall the Spanish troops and to crush the Inquisition.

On this occasion the Prince of Orange was actuated by philanthropic motives alone. He was not a religious enthusiast, nor an advocate of the Reformation. He simply detested murder, and was unwilling to see thousands of his innocent fellow countrymen slaughtered in cold blood. At this period in his career William concerned himself very little with questions of theology. He was a Catholic both in belief and outward observance. He was a generous, courteous, liberal-minded nobleman, beloved and honored by all. The subtlety and breadth of his intellect, his adroitness in conducting State affairs, his broad and tolerant views,

and his profound knowledge of human nature, made him the leading man in the Netherlands.

The other occupant of the carriage was Count Brederode, a middle-aged nobleman, blunt, honest and sour-faced.

"This sight is sickening," said William to his companion. "Do you know the poor fellow who is about to be executed?"

"It is that apostate priest, Hendricks," replied the Count. "The Church held out to him the hope of mercy, and the poor wretch recanted. The Church says now that his repentance was nothing short of hypocrisy, and they are going to burn him as a warning to others. The fellow is not worthy of your sympathy, Prince. He is naught but a coward, and richly deserves punishment, although I grant you it comes from unjust hands."

"Possibly the fellow is a coward, Count," said William. "It is easy for us to call him names, sitting as we do in perfect safety. Who knows but what we too would be cowards, with the stake before us, and a single word between us and the fire. I am free to confess, I should not like to be subjected to so rigorous a test."

"Why did Hendricks and scores of others like him apostatize, then?" demanded the Count. "They all know what that word implies. Heretics must not pose as Scævolas, and thrust their hands into the flames, if they intend to draw back when

the flesh smarts. It is the same with the field services. The burghers know they are prohibited, yet they attend by thousands. Then a cry of execration arises when they are surprised and punished. They tell me that Antwerp is even now in a tumult, because one of their conventicles was disturbed, and the preacher together with twenty followers put to the sword. As for myself, Prince," continued Count Brederode with his accustomed recklessness, " I went to church this morning like a good Catholic, and I can say from the bottom of my heart that I am tired of all these sermons and masses. The priests expatiate on God's love and mercy, and entreat people to enter the fold of the one true Church, while between times they torture, hang, behead and burn men and women, for no other offence than daring to worship God in their own way. In truth, I am disgusted with such religion."

The Prince of Orange smiled as he replied, " My friend, there are some truths which it is the part of wisdom to keep locked in one's breast in times like these."

They had now reached the royal palace, where their ways diverged, the Count going to a banquet of nobles, and William to take his seat in the State Council.

Before alighting from the carriage, Count Brederode said jocosely, " Tell the Regent that the no-

bles are going to drink an extra toast to-night, to the good understanding between our honored lady and her subjects. Our gracious lady needs nothing so much as a clearer eye to read some documents called privileges; but we nobles hope soon to supply her with an effective kind of eye-salve, which we hope will cure her malady."

"You are too hard on the Regent, Count. She is simply Philip's tool. She has really as much to contend with from that Spanish despot as we."

"It seems to me," retorted his companion, "that lately the Regent has been cruel enough on her own account. She burned Fabricius at Antwerp, and executed no end of heretics in the prisons of the Inquisition. You are making a great mistake in not joining our federation of nobles, Prince."

"Perhaps so," was the quiet reply of William as they separated.

The other members of the official board were assembled in the royal council chamber when the Prince of Orange entered. Foremost among the number was Baron Berlaymont, who was the chief of the finance department. Together with his sons, he was ever in the front rank to defend the crown against the nation. Then there was Viglius, a learned Frisian doctor of the law; also that flower of Flemish chivalry, the gallant but ill-fated Lamoral, Count Egmont, whose victories at St. Quen-

tin and Gravelines had made him the people's idol. Every eye was fixed inquiringly upon the Prince of Orange as he entered the royal apartment. Well might the Regent and her coadjutors study the finely cut features and composed expression of the man before them. Here was the real ruler of the Netherlands! Margaret, while she could not rule successfully without the counsel of Orange, hated him for his power. No woman was ever more jealous of her authority than Margaret of Parma. The love of power was like a viper, which continually gnawed at her vitals. She hugged her coronet of diamonds close to her bosom, even though she daily and hourly paid the price in unrest of soul. At the smallest cloud in the political sky, which would seem to suggest that her reign was transient, her lips would close in an agony of despair. The Regent was now forty-three years of age, a large, coarse-featured, masculine woman, with the imperious manner which proclaimed her the daughter of Charles the Fifth. She was an energetic woman, but possessed of a meagre education and few accomplishments. The art of dissimulation was the only branch in which she was proficient. She was an ardent Catholic, having sat at the feet of Loyola, and imbibed the jesuitical spirit of her confessor and spiritual guide.

It was evident that the Regent was in a bad

humor. There was a dark frown on her face, and her voice was harsh and strident.

"Yes," she was saying in reply to a remark of Baron Berlaymont, "I seem to be surrounded by malcontents. I thought that matters were going on smoothly, when, lo! the nobles seem to have espoused the cause of the people, and are evidently plotting mischief. Then there are the heretics! It seems sometimes as though the more we tried to exterminate them the faster they multiplied. I have tried in vain to snare that satrap Huguenot, Francis Junius, who has dared to preach a treasonable discourse before the nobles at Culemborg House. When my spies were confident that they had him, he somehow eluded them. I only wish his Majesty would visit the Netherlands, and set matters right.

"Ho, Prince, you are late! What means the news I hear from Antwerp? They tell me that the people are turbulent and riots frequent."

"Your Highness, the trouble is with the edicts. They are too rigorous. The Netherlanders will never submit to the Spanish Inquisition."

"The people of Antwerp must be pacified at any cost," replied the Regent. "As hereditary burgrave of that city, I wish you to journey there at your earliest convenience, and straighten matters out."

The Prince bowed in assent. "Gentlemen,"

pursued the Regent, "I have here a document from his Majesty, which I would like each one of you to read and then affix your signatures to it."

The message was written in fine, spider-like characters, and was voluminous, as were all of Philip's effusions. After emphasizing the necessity of severity and of the condign punishment of rebellious offenders, the King concluded as follows:

"Rather than permit the least prejudice to the ancient religion, I would sacrifice all these States and lose a hundred lives, had I so many, for I will never consent to be the sovereign of heretics. If the troubles in the Netherlands cannot be adjusted without forcible measures, these latter shall be adopted even at the risk of destroying the whole country."

At last Philip had made an end of delay, and spoken out in the plainest language. There was no mistaking his policy. The coming atrocities were distinctly outlined.

With the exception of Baron Berlaymont, the members of the State Council, be it said to their credit, signed the paper reluctantly. It was now handed to the Prince of Orange for perusal. William read the document through carefully, and then laid it on the table.

"Your Highness," he said quietly, "I cannot affix my signature to this royal decree."

"Do you refuse to obey your sovereign?" demanded the Regent.

"I beg you to pardon my presumption, your Highness," replied the Prince. "I would not in matters of such importance affect to be wiser, or to make greater pretensions than my age or experience warrants, yet seeing affairs in such perplexity, I would rather incur the risk of being charged with forwardness than neglect that which I consider my duty. You have not asked me for advice, but I prefer to hazard being censured for my remonstrance rather than to incur the suspicion of connivance at the desolation of my country by my silence. The only reason the whole country has not arisen in a great revolutionary movement has been because of the hope that the Inquisition would never be allowed to become a permanent institution in the Netherlands. With regard to these new and stringent methods for enforcing the edicts, I beg leave to say that it would be unwise to attempt this measure in the face of universal misery and an exasperated people. The King will gain nothing from the execution of this paper, except difficulty for himself. Moreover, a famine is impending, and no worse moment could be chosen in which to enforce such a policy. I am at all times desirous of obeying the command of his Majesty and your Highness, and of discharging the duties of a good Christian."

The closing words of the Prince were significant. A year previous he would have said "the duties of a good Catholic." The moral as well as the political aspects of the Reformation were already occupying his attention, and the time had come when he felt that he could no longer conscientiously ignore these claims.

"As I foresee that I can no longer work in harmony with the State Council," concluded William, "I herewith tender my resignation as a member of this official board."

With a courteous bow, the Prince withdrew from the Regent's presence.

"Traitor!" cried the indignant representatives of royalty. "He shall suffer for this."

"Mark my words, your Highness," said Baron Berlaymont, "that man will some day become a heretic."

CHAPTER V.

A SINGULAR FRIENDSHIP.

THE Huguenot preacher had some difficulty in quieting his terrified flock. They all sprang to their feet as one man, and catching sight of the handsome, richly attired nephew of their enemey, Baron Berlaymont, the cry arose on all sides, "We are betrayed! Seize him!"

"Not so, brethren," said Francis Junius as he went forward and placed his hand on the lad's shoulder. "Hugo Berlaymont desires to know the truth, and once convinced of the truth he will cast in his lot with us. It was with my permission that he came here to-night. Greet him as a brother."

With an impulsive movement Hugo flung his arms about the preacher in loving admiration. Then he turned to meet the questioning faces about him.

"Fear me not, I am no traitor. I long to be a friend and a brother to every one present."

With a quick revulsion of feeling, hard, horny hands were eagerly extended on every side to grasp that of the young lord. Distinction of rank

was forgotten in this humble assembly. They were all, by God's grace, members of one family, brethren in very truth.

The watchman who was stationed without brought in the cheering announcement that all was well. The crowd had gathered simply to witness the execution of Hendricks. The audience dispersed with caution through a trap-door at the rear of the cellar, while others mounted the staircase and walked out boldly at the front entrance.

Soon Francis Junius and Hugo Berlaymont were left practically alone. The hairdresser and a young man of distinguished appearance were conversing in low tones some distance away.

"My son," said Junius, turning to the glowing face upturned to his, "what path in life is marked out for you?"

"I am to be a courtier."

"Could you choose, what would you be?"

"Pastor Junius," said Hugo in a broken voice, "I would be altogether such as you are. There is no grander vocation than to preach God's word and to save souls."

"May God grant thee the desire of thy heart, boy, and make of thee a stronger and fairer pillar in His temple than Junius. Every one is privileged to do some work in the Master's vineyard. The opportunity to serve God may not come in the line of thy desire, but nevertheless it will come.

Dost know, boy, the consequences of serving God with a pure conscience? Outside in the market-place to-night there has been a foretaste of the terrors which await the heretic: the loathsome dungeon, the iron chain, the accursed gallows, and the cruel flames. Think, boy, of the physical agony, and then tell me, art thou ready to follow Junius in this way of sorrow? Art thou willing to die for the truth?"

Hugo Berlaymont grew as pale as a marble statue. Every nerve quivered and shrank from the terrible picture of human suffering. The weakness of the flesh plead with him to draw back while yet there was opportunity. But a new-born faith triumphed. With a steady voice and with dauntless eyes the lad replied:

"I am willing, so help me Christ!"

"Amen," said Junius, tenderly embracing the boy. "God hath surely set His seal upon thy soul, in that He hath taken away both the love and the fear of the world."

Then placing his hand on the young lord's head he added solemnly, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord grant thee, not peace, which is the portion of the coward, but a Christian warfare; if needful, a martyr's death, at all events a victor's crown. Now, my boy, I shall shortly leave the Netherlands for Germany. I will introduce you to a young advocate who is a stanch believer, who

will help you to a more complete understanding of the principles of our faith."

With a gesture Junius beckoned the young man to his side. Hugo saw a tall, lithe, broad-shouldered youth approaching, with a frank, winning face and a complexion as fresh and fair as a girl's. His features and expression were bold and courageous enough to atone for this dainty refinement of nature. The young man was attired in a doublet and jerkin of fine dark cloth, long buckskin hose and tan shoes. He carried a velvet toque in his hand, and a sword hung by his side. At his belt was fastened a wallet of expensive leather.

"Mynheer Conrad Chenoweth," said Junius, "I entrust this dear lad, Hugo Berlaymont, to your especial care. Help him all you can."

The young advocate shook hands with Hugo. "Pastor Junius," he said, "I accept this trust with pleasure. Call upon me, my lord, for any service that I can render. I am every day in attendance upon the Prince of Orange, superintending his legal affairs, and his palace would be a safe place for you to come when you wish to see me. I will now bid you both good evening."

As Conrad Chenoweth passed out of the shop, he found that the crowd outside, satiated with the horrors of the execution, was rapidly dispersing. Hoping to avoid the crush, he turned aside into an alley. As he was passing a small and disreputable

inn a shrill cry for help smote upon his ears. Being both a chivalrous and a fearless youth, Conrad drew his sword and walked boldly into the inn. A half-dozen lawless burghers had seized a priest and were trying to force him to drink to the confusion of the Pope and to the health and prosperity of all good Protestants. The priest was no coward, for his torn cassock and scratched face showed that he had tried manfully to defend himself in this unequal contest.

"Hold, fellows!" cried Conrad with authority. "How dare you call yourselves good Protestants and conduct yourselves like this! Good Protestants, indeed!" he added scornfully. "Your recklessness is enough to bring any good cause into ill-repute. What has this priest done?"

"He has done nothing, so far as I know," answered a burgher. "But it is enough that he belongs to that accursed brood who slay and burn us. The world will be better off when we rid it of these black devils."

"Shame!" cried Conrad, "to attack a defenceless man and bring dishonor upon the cause of the Protestants. Release this man and then get to your homes, you idle, drunken fellows!"

"It is the advocate, Heer Chenoweth, of the household of the Prince of Orange," muttered the innkeeper. These words seemed to produce a magical effect, for the burghers began at once to

stammer out their lame apologies. One by one they left the inn.

The priest was a middle-aged man, attired in the soutane and biretta which proclaimed him a member of the Order of Jesus. His face was sensitive and high-bred. It had the intensity of expression, the bright eye and the transparency of complexion which characterized a religious enthusiast. His form, the outline of which could be dimly seen beneath his cloak, was thin to emaciation. His long, nervous fingers trembled with suppressed excitement. Whatever might be said of many sleek, well-fed priests who walked the streets of Brussels, and who gave no outward evidence of a life of self-denial, this Jesuit was evidently a severe ascetic.

A grave smile hovered about his lips as Conrad Chenoweth approached him, and he said in grateful tones:

"Mynheer Chenoweth, I beg of you to accept my thanks for your timely assistance. I think those wild beasts would soon have torn me to pieces. I should be glad of your company and your protection until we reach a more civilized part of the city."

"With pleasure," answered the advocate.

They walked in silence until they arrived at the great cathedral. "I will trouble you no longer, Heer Chenoweth," said the priest. "Yonder is

the house of my Order. Rest assured I shall not forget your kindness. The time may come when Father Steen can give you more substantial proofs of his gratitude. I still owe to another of your blood a debt which has long remained uncancelled."

He held out his hand, which the young man grasped warmly. Thus began the strange friendship between Father Steen, the Jesuit priest, and the Protestant advocate, Conrad Chenoweth.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BURGOMASTER'S DAUGHTER.

CONRAD CHENOWETH had planned an early trip to Antwerp to visit his parents and to renew his acquaintance with the playmate of his childhood, Hilvardine, only daughter of the Burgomaster, Anthony Van Straalen. The unsettled state of affairs in Brussels, and the absence of the Prince of Orange, made it impossible for the young advocate to leave his post for several months.

The famous Compromise, issued by the nobles in resistance to the Inquisition, had been fairly launched. Two hundred of the confederates, led by Count Brederode and Louis of Nassau, brother of Prince William, had marched with great pomp and ceremony to the royal palace, and presented the frightened Regent with their formidable petition. Baron Berlaymont quieted her fears with the celebrated remark, "Your Highness has nothing to fear from this crowd of beggars." The nobles were indignant at this term of reproach, but the reckless Brederode laughed scornfully.

"They call us beggars," he said. "Let us ac-

cept the name. We will contend with the Inquisition, but remain loyal to the King, even till compelled to wear the beggar's sack."

The shibboleth was invented. For the first time, from these reckless and debauched nobles rose the cry, "Vivent les Gueulx! Long live the Beggars!" The beggar's wallet and the wooden bowl became the symbol of Protestantism in the Netherlands. The enemies of freedom had provided a watchword for the discontented nation, and the shout, "Vivent les Gueulx!" was soon to prove powerful enough to find an answering voice from palace and hovel, through the forest or on the sea; and the deeds of savagery perpetrated by these "wild beggars," "forest beggars" and the "beggars of the sea," convinced even Philip the Slow of the character of the nation which he had driven to madness.

It was not till one morning in May that Conrad Chenoweth found himself in old Antwerp. He was very fond of the picturesque town, with its cupolated water-gates, its busy wharves, its canals, its drawbridges and its windmills. The air was cool and fragrant with all the delicate freshness of May. Nature under the exquisite touch of Spring was irresistible. There was a pleasant undercurrent of sound in the air: the drowsy hum of bees, the musical tinkle of childish laughter, and the cheerful twitter of birds. The landscape was rich in color. The rose-red roofs, trees in first leaf, richly-tinted

sails, gaily-painted windmills, and women in their blue or brown jackets and jaunty caps, made a varied yet harmonious picture. The broad Scheldt was alive with ships, which carried on a ceaseless traffic. The merchant fleets rested as proudly on her bosom as though the ashes of heretics did not lie beneath those dancing waters.

Conrad's heart swelled with sorrow as he saw a fleet of vessels sailing outside the harbor of Antwerp, bound for English shores. Too well he understood the reason. The Spanish Inquisition had driven the industrious Flemings from their homes, to enrich those port which welcomed the exiles.

"Unless the tide of emigration ceases," he said to a countryman who was passing, "Antwerp is a doomed city. Yonder ships are sailing the wrong way."

"You are right, Mynheer," answered the burgher. Then lowering his voice he added, "King Philip will soon have no people left in the Netherlands to hang or burn."

In the suburbs of this great commercial metropolis stood the house of Dr. John Chenoweth. It was a large brick structure, two stories high, with faint pencillings of white relieving the sombre coloring of the brick. Over the front door was a floriated arch, with artistically carved heads as finials. There were numerous projecting gables, and each gable was surmounted by the proverbial

weathercock, and there were besides many architectural surprises in the form of cornices and quaint windows, which delighted the eye. The house had the usual accompaniment of houses in the suburbs, a large garden, which sloped down to the banks of the river. In th . rear of the house stood the stable. At this moment the owner was delivering a stern rebuke to a villainous-looking groom.

Dr. Chenoweth was a large man, having the Flemish cast of features, with fair hair and blue eyes. His strong, plain face was smooth-shaven. There was unity in his simple face, his resolute expression and his searching yet kind eyes. The man and his mission were eminently harmonious. To serve his fellow men had ever been his purpose. Much of his service had been gratuitous, and although a man past the meridian of life, he was far from being in affluent circumstances.

"Maurits," he was saying, "this is the third time within as many weeks that you have been carousing at the Golden Lion. I can stand it no longer. You quit my service to-day."

With these stern words he paid the groom and discharged him. Had he seen the look of hatred which crossed Maurits' face the doctor might not have so quickly banished the episode from his mind. His attention was diverted by the sudden appearance of his son.

"Ah, Conrad, my boy," said the doctor, stretch-

ing out his hand in pleased surprise. "Welcome home! It has been a long time since you were able to visit us."

"The affairs of the Prince of Orange are in such a disturbed condition that it is well-nigh impossible for me to leave Brussels. But it is good to be here. By the way, who was that hangdog knave whom I just met skulking off the premises?"

"It was a drunken, thieving groom whom I have just discharged."

"I am glad to hear that. The man is a villain if ever there was one. It is such crop-eared rogues who should fill our jails and make the hangman's business good, instead of respectable, God-fearing burghers."

"You are right, my son. Now let us find the good vrouw. I think we shall surprise her in the kitchen, giving her directions for the evening meal."

They stole unobserved to the window and stood a moment gazing at the domestic scene. In the twilight the kitchen was the pleasantest spot in the house. It was a large, low room, with a brick floor and a wide hearth, flanked on each side by huge iron dogs, so massive that they could have supported with ease the trunk of a tree. Over this hung the ancient spit, within whose gloomy depths were strung necklaces of sausages and shapely hams to smoke. As the wood fire snapped and

crackled showers of sparks flew up the wide chimney, and the ruddy light sent grotesque shadows dancing over the walls. In the centre of the room, superintending the servants as they prepared a substantial repast, was the stately figure of the doctor's wife.

Agatha Chenoweth was still a handsome woman, although no longer young. Her face was beautiful, not with the fragile delicacy which is so often called beauty, but with the beauty of strength. Her mother was a French Huguenot and her father a Flemish nobleman. John Chenoweth knew when first he saw her in one of the forbidden conventicles that she was as dear to him as his own soul. With a quiet persistence which was a part of his heritage, he made her acquaintance. Although he was aware that Agatha Van Cortlandt had refused the hand of more than one nobleman, this penniless young doctor, with boldness, yet with manly dignity, pressed his suit. His simple integrity and unselfish devotion won the heart of this noble maiden. Their mutual friend, the French Huguenot preacher Peregrine de la Grange, married them. Four children had been given them, two of whom died in infancy, leaving to comfort their hearts the talented young advocate, Conrad, and a little daughter, Elizabeth.

The remaining occupant of the kitchen was the Burgomaster's daughter, who sat before the huge

fireplace with the sleepy Elizabeth on her knees, telling the child a story from the quaint Dutch tiles.

Hilvardine Van Straalen was a tall, slender girl, with a figure which gave promise of a richer outline in the years to come. Her dark hair, broad, white brow, large, brown eyes fringed with dark lashes, her changing expression and fleeting color, made her face singularly attractive. Possibly some would say that the small mouth closed a trifle too firmly for a girl of eighteen years, and that her chin was too clear-cut and resolute for amiability. But no one could deny that her voice was soft and low, and there was witchery in her musical laugh.

The sudden opening of the outer door made the occupants of the kitchen look anxiously around.

"My son, my Conrad!" cried Madam Chenoweth as she folded her boy to her heart and pressed a fond kiss on his lips.

Little Elizabeth roused at the commotion, and with a cry of joy ran and threw her arms about her brother.

"Softly, softly, thou small hurricane!" said Conrad as he disengaged himself from this violent embrace and tossed his little sister to a perch on his shoulder.

Hilvardine rose as though to leave the kitchen, but the young advocate, who had noted her every movement since he entered the room, came forward and intercepted her flight.

"Hilvardine, my little playfellow, have you no welcome for me?"

"I am certainly glad to see you, Heer Chenoweth," was the demure reply. "But I think it is time that I returned. I do not wish to intrude on this your first night at home for many months."

"Nonsense, Hilvardine!" replied Madam Chenoweth. "Of course you will remain until after tea and hear the news from the Capital. Then if you insist upon going early, Conrad will take you to your father's house in safety."

With a mother's keen intuition Madam Chenoweth divined her son's wish, for she had long ago read his secret. The burgomaster's daughter did not need much urging to accede to a request which was evidently an agreeable one.

Lysken, the nurse, now came to put Elizabeth to bed. Dr. Chenoweth took the delicate, fairy-like form of his child in his arms and kissed her many times.

"Ah, my little daughter," he said, "I fear that you were born in an ill-starred time. The reign of tyranny is but just begun. Every Netherlander will soon be deprived of all just rights, and even to hold up one's head fearlessly will soon be accounted a crime. Now, Conrad, give us the latest report from Brussels," he added, as they sat down to supper.

"All hope of justice or mercy from the King is

now over," said the young advocate sternly. "The decrees of the Council of Trent are to be rigidly enforced, and the inquisitors are to be confirmed in their authority. In spite of all this, heresy continues to spread. The scaffold has its daily victims, but it fails to make a single convert. The truth is imported with every bale of merchandise. Bigotry or cruelty cannot devise a quarantine which will effectually exclude the religious germs, which are wafted to the Netherlands on every breeze. The terror and wrath of the people has reached a crisis. There is but one topic of shuddering conversation, and that is the Edicts and the Inquisition. The movement of the nobles is hailed with universal delight."

"Does the Prince of Orange favor the federation of nobles?" inquired Dr. Chenoweth.

"I am sorry to say he regards it with distrust. When he learned of it he made the remark, 'The curtain has opened upon a great tragedy.' He thinks the action of the nobles savors too much of open rebellion."

"Is it rebellion to insist that the King shall keep his sacred pledges, and to preserve the charters of a people which are older than the titles of his royal house?" asked Hilvardine with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"I think not," replied the young advocate. "If all appeals to the King's clemency have proved

fruitless, we will make an appeal to the manhood of the Netherlands, and I am confident we shall elicit such a reply as will make the bigot tremble on his throne."

The girl flashed a glance at the young man, which fairly bewildered him with its sweetness.

"I think the Prince is wise in his caution," said Dr. Chenoweth. "He is a sagacious statesman, and I have implicit faith in his judgment."

"The Prince's brother, Louis of Nassau, is with the nobles, as well as Count Mansfeldt and St. Aldegonde," continued the advocate. "The Prince of Orange has shown his colors, however. At the last meeting of the State Council he resigned his seat in that august body because he could not countenance the violent measures which were adopted."

"God be praised for this!" said Dr. Chenoweth. "The Prince of Orange is the one hope of this persecuted country, the one man among the many who can successfully mediate between the government and the people—between Catholics and Protestants. I wish, my son, that you could have witnessed his triumphal entry into Antwerp. No monarch was ever awaited with such feverish impatience. Tens of thousands of citizens lined the streets for several miles outside the city to welcome him. When he came in sight the people pressed about him like perplexed children to a parent, call-

ing him 'Father William! Our Deliverer! Our Protector!' The Prince looked anxious and distressed, and made no response to the rapturous shouts of welcome."

"My father," said Hilvardine, "rode beside the Prince, and he said His Excellency spoke but once, and that was when the watchword of the confederate nobles, 'Vivent les Gueulx,' was raised. 'This idle cry,' said the Prince, 'must be stopped. I cannot have it. The people will rue it some day!'"

"I think the wonderful power and magnetism of the Prince," said Madam Chenoweth, "was signally shown in the way he controlled that enthusiastic crowd. When they saw that he was not fond of noisy demonstration they quietly dispersed and went to their homes. Still it seems to me, after all, that we are relying altogether too much on the influence of one man, and that man not even a publicly avowed Protestant."

"Do you not remember, wife," said the doctor, "that God saved the children of Israel, not through a committee, but by a man? The Netherlanders will never be delivered from their troubles by means of a confederation of nobles, or by a synod of reformed pastors, but by a man. I firmly believe that William of Orange is the man God has selected for this purpose. Let us pray that the nation may recognize their leader, and submit to his guidance."

Just at this moment Hilvardine gave a low cry. "A face at the window!" she gasped. "I certainly saw two burning eyes watching our every movement."

Conrad Chenoweth went to the window and looked out. It was a cloudless night. A soft, white radiance suffused the eastern sky. Presently the moon appeared on the horizon, first a point, then a rim of silver, and finally the gibbous disk lifted itself above the sky-line, and long shadows lay across the yard and the surrounding grounds. There was no person to be seen.

"Hilvardine, you have been the victim of a strange hallucination," said the young man as he returned to the table. "Everything is quiet outside, and there is no one to be seen."

"I presume you are right," said Hilvardine with a forced smile. "So much talk about the Inquisition has evidently made me nervous."

The subject was dismissed, and the family adjourned to the sitting-room.

Had Conrad watched long enough he might have seen a shadow creeping stealthily from beside the garden wall, and, flitting across the road, disappear in the wood beyond.

The slouching gait and distorted figure were those of Maurits the groom.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BURGOMASTER'S REBUFF.

"YOUR father will be placed in an embarrassing condition if the execution of the Edicts is rigorously enforced," said Conrad to his companion, as they walked slowly through the deserted streets to the Burgomaster's house. "The fact that his wife and children are Protestants ties his hands."

"You are right," said Hilvardine. "Father will probably continue to expostulate and threaten, and then end by doing nothing. Protestantism in Antwerp is too strong an element to be coerced, and you know the Prince is a lenient master."

"What do you hear from Colonel Van Straalen?" inquired Conrad.

"I received a letter from my brother only a few days ago. He is still stationed on the French frontier, and there is no prospect of his coming home at present. He complains that he has not heard from us for some time, yet I have written regularly to him and have kept him informed of the condition of affairs in the Netherlands."

"It is not strange, in these unsettled times, that

letters miscarry. I also had a letter from the Colonel about a month ago, in which he desired me to render legal assistance to Madame La Tour and her daughter. These ladies have fallen heirs to a handsome property, through the death of a relative in Amsterdam, and they have come to Brussels to establish their claims. Madame and her daughter are relatives of yours, are they not?"

"They are cousins, several times removed. Monsieur La Tour, a French Huguenot, married my father's second cousin. I have not seen them for many years, for they resided in France. I always fancied that my brother had more than a cousinly regard for Katharine La Tour. But I think I have been mistaken. I have been told by those wiser than myself that a man's heart is like a ship, which is ever prone to slip its moorings."

Hilvardine looked archly at her companion.

"Mejuffrouw," said the young advocate earnestly, "you have been poorly advised. I beg of you to listen to a truthful argument on the subject. There are some men who possess faithful hearts. Mine, for instance, has long since left my keeping and is, I assure you, stoutly anchored. Can you not divine my meaning, Mistress Van Straalen?"

"I was ever a poor hand at guessing riddles, Heer Chenoweth."

Conrad took her hand and exclaimed, "Hilvardine, look at me!"

The girl did as she was bidden, and she saw a light shining in his eyes which even a duller woman could not have failed to comprehend.

"Hilvardine, I love you. My heart is all yours. For your sake I would lose all, save honor. Will you make me happy, or will you send me hence in heaviness of spirit?"

They had now reached the Burgomaster's house, and just as Conrad waited for a reply to his important question, the front door opened and the repulsive face and stunted figure of a man sixty years old appeared. Ugly-looking people sometimes affect great display in their dress. This was true of the man descending the steps.

He was gorgeously attired in trousers of puce velvet, fastened above the knee with bows of ribbon. He wore a tight-fitting jacket with sleeves slashed with white satin. A jaunty black court mantle lined with the same delicate color hung loosely from his shoulders, and was confined in front by a buckle composed of jewels, which royalty itself might have envied.

Conrad immediately recognized the man as the Chancellor of Brabant, Engelbert Maas. The Chancellor lifted his hat courteously to the Burgomaster's daughter, but stared insolently at her escort. After a momentary hesitation he walked away.

The change in Hilvardine at the sight of this

great magistrate was remarkable. She clutched her companion's arm and said piteously:

"Save me, Heer Chenoweth. I think my father favors that man's suit."

All coquetry was gone from the girl's manner. Her face in its evident anxiety was womanly and tender. There was a lurking wistfulness in the brown eyes which touched the young man.

"Hilvardine, do you love me? May I ask your father this very night for your hand?"

The maiden was the picture of sweet confusion, and her answer was very faint, but it was eminently satisfactory to her companion. They passed up the steps into the house and Hilvardine fled precipitately to her room.

"Mynheer Chenoweth!" announced a servant in rich livery as he opened the door of the handsome reception-room, in which sat the Burgomaster, Anthony Van Straalen, and his wife. There was a disturbed expression on Mistress Van Straalen's face, and her husband wore a look of dogged resolution. It was evident that there had been a family difference, and the atmosphere of the room was still murky from the war of words.

The Burgomaster greeted the young advocate with distant politeness, but his wife gave him a cordial welcome.

After a few commonplace remarks, Conrad made known the object of his visit.

"Heer Burgomaster, I have Mistress Hilvardine's consent to ask you for her hand in marriage. Will you give her to me?"

The Burgomaster uttered an oath. "No!" he roared. "A hundred times no! This, sir, is a pretty piece of impertinence—first to steal my daughter's affections, and then to ask her father for her hand. I have a better match in mind for my daughter than you, Master Chenoweth."

The hot blood surged into the young advocate's face as he replied: "There is just as good blood in my veins as in yours, Heer Burgomaster. To be sure, I have not as much money as you have, but youth and health are mine, and I am in a fair way to amass a fortune."

"The marriage settlement would doubtless furnish you an excellent basis on which to build your air-castles," said the magistrate with cutting irony.

"I do not care for a ryksdaaler of your daughter's dowry," said the young advocate passionately. "Give me Hilvardine and keep your gold. Nature has amply furnished her with a dowry, which is all that any man could ask or desire."

"Well, Master Chenoweth, you cannot have my daughter, and that ends the whole matter. She is already promised to another."

"Our daughter's wishes in the matter ought to be respected, Anthony," said Mistress Van Straalen in pleading tones. "Surely, husband, we could not

ask for a more worthy young man than the son of our neighbor, Dr. Chenoweth."

"A fig for Hilvardine's wishes! Forsooth, did you ever know a maid of eighteen who knew her own mind? The child is not old enough to settle so grave a question. It is for her parents to judge for her, and, as I remarked before, the girl is promised."

"Then there is no more to be said about the matter at present," replied the young advocate, rising and bowing himself out of the room.

Like one dazed he went down the stone steps and out upon the street, his thoughts revolving about the Burgomaster's closing words, "The maid is promised to another."

"To whom?" was the question that tortured him. Conrad had not long to wait for an answer to his query. Footsteps sounded behind him. Conrad quickened his pace, and so did his pursuer. Wheeling about suddenly, he confronted Chancellor Maas. So enraged was the young man at the sight of his successful rival, that he turned his back upon the magistrate without a sign of recognition and hurried swiftly forward. The magistrate again pursued, and gaining upon the advocate, laid a detaining hand upon his shoulder.

"What were you doing at the Burgomaster's house?" he demanded insolently.

"My business was with the Burgomaster, and what that business was is none of your concern."

"I will not be trifled with, Master Chenoweth. Tell me what business you had at the Burgomaster's house."

"I shall not tell you. Good evening."

"Do you think I don't know why you are hanging about that house? You think you are going to win Mistress Hilvardine. But you are mistaken. She is promised to me, and if you value your liberty you will cease your visits in that quarter." The magistrate turned on his heel and walked rapidly in the opposite direction.

With anger and sorrow filling his heart, Conrad neared his father's house. Pale mists were stealing up from the river. A crescent moon was sinking in the west. Lights streamed here and there from the anchored barges. Antwerp under the starlit sky was as quiet and full of peace as if there were no disturbing elements of love or discord in the world.

CHAPTER VIII.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

AFTER Conrad Chenoweth's departure, the Burgomaster summoned his daughter to his presence.

"Hilvardine," he said abruptly, "I have promised your hand to the Chancellor of Brabant, Engelbert Maas. We settled the marriage contract this evening."

"Oh, father!" cried Hilvardine, "do not force me into a union which is so hateful to me. I had rather be torn into pieces than wed this man."

"And why, forsooth?" said the Burgomaster impatiently. "You have got to marry some one, and I have seen to it that you are provided with a husband who is old enough and rich enough to take care of you handsomely. To be sure, I like not the Chancellor overmuch myself. He drinks hard and he spends his money too freely at the gaming-table, yet there are scores of women who would dance for joy had he chosen them instead of you. The social position of the wife of the Chancellor of Brabant is unquestioned. And besides all else, the man is

madly in love with you and will not relinquish his claim for the caprice of a silly girl."

"His devotion smacks of senility," said Madam Van Straalen sharply.

"Madam," said the Burgomaster, "I bid you keep silence. At least I will be master in my own house. Come, daughter, what are your objections to the Chancellor?"

"He is so—so—old and so ugly," sobbed the girl. "I would sooner have his hatred than his love, and either one would be held by me in contempt."

"That shows just what a simple wench you are," said her father angrily. "Know you not, girl, that these are times when it is necessary to have powerful friends? With my wife and children avowed Protestants, I do not know how long I shall be able to stem the tide of opposition. With the friendship of such a man as Chancellor Maas, we shall be raised above suspicion and protected against the fury of the Regent. In a time of peril like this, your feelings, girl, are of minor importance. Go to now and behave like a dutiful child, and forget the idle words of that tricky fortune-hunter, Conrad Chenoweth."

"Your insinuations are false, and you know it. Conrad is no fortune-hunter." Hilvardine lifted her head proudly and confronted her father, with a look in her large brown eyes which made him

wince. "The young advocate is an honest man, of whose love any woman might be proud. If I am to be sold like a chattel, God help me! But I will guarantee the Chancellor one thing: his purchase shall bring him only misery and pain, for I will be a thorn in his side and a curse to his peace."

"There is no doubt about that," replied her father. "You have a sharp tongue, and you know full well how to use it. I do not envy the Chancellor his prize, but he is bound to have you at any cost, and there is no doubt but that he loves you."

Courageous as Hilvardine Van Straalen was, she dared make no further remonstrance. The maidens of the sixteenth century were well trained in the duty of obedience to parents. After obedience, they were taught to respect the authority of man, and were enjoined to silent submission to his superior judgment.

Conrad Chenoweth was not able to see Hilvardine again before his return to Brussels. He went to the Burgomaster's house, but Madam Van Straalen told him that her daughter had been forbidden to see the young advocate.

"Keep up a brave heart, Master Chenoweth," she said. "I am your friend and I fully sympathize with you and with my daughter. Perhaps I may be able to remove the Burgomaster's prejudices. He has a good heart and truly loves his daughter, but these perilous times have frightened

him, and he seeks a powerful protector for his family."

"It is a fearful price to pay for safety," replied Conrad with set teeth. "To think of that pure young girl mated with that vile debauchee. Angels might well weep at such a terrible sacrifice!"

Madam Van Straalen delivered to the young man a parcel which Hilvardine had sent him. He could hardly wait until he reached home before he untied the precious bundle. It contained a beautifully embroidered kerchief, wrought in rich orange and blue silks. The orange symbolized the Fatherland, while the blue of the heavens was the color adopted by the Dutch Calvinists. Within the folds of the kerchief Conrad found a slip of paper on which was inscribed a stanza of a popular song:

"Will you have a pink knot?
Is it blue you prize?
One is like a fresh rose,
One is like the skies;
No, the maid of Holland
For her own true love,
Ties the splendid orange,
Orange still above!"

The morning for Conrad's departure from Antwerp he awoke with a heavy heart. He saw not the glory of the rising sun. He saw nothing poetic about the flash of the distant cathedral spires against the roseate clouds, and his ears heard no sweetness in the cooing of the gray doves as they

circled around the huge chimneys. The years which stretched out before him seemed barren and lonely. He had come home feeling confident that he should win Hilvardine for his wife. Her shy glances, and the apparent cordial relations between the Burgomaster's family and his own, argued well for his success. But another and powerful rival had stepped in and borne away the prize. He had built upon the sand, and the incoming tide had made flotsam and jetsam of his castle. But Conrad Chenoweth was a man and a Christian. Shaking himself free from these melancholy reflections, he arose, and said bravely to himself:

"Because the dearest wish of my heart has not been realized, I will not become like driftwood upon the sea. God is good. He will never permit this monstrous sacrifice. Hilvardine is in his care. I will trust God for the future, and go forward and do my duty."

When the morning sun rose again, it found the young advocate at his post in Brussels.

CHAPTER IX.

A GAME OF CHESS.

MONSEIGNEUR RYDER was a busy man, but he allowed himself one relaxation—an occasional game of chess. One evening he stepped into the private office of the Chancellor of Brabant, to indulge in his favorite pastime. It was only a few squares from the cathedral buildings, where the prelate resided, to the home of the magistrate.

The latter welcomed his guest with apparent cordiality. The two men formed a striking contrast as they sat opposite each other. The Chancellor was a repulsive personality to gaze upon, with his pointed head, and his face with its expression of low cunning, his red eyes, and stooping, undersized figure. There was tremendous intellectual power suggested by the physiognomy of the churchman, with his regular features, full dark eyes, and massive head. His tall and elegantly-proportioned figure was in harmony with the rest of the man.

"You are welcome, Monseigneur, very welcome!" said the Chancellor. "I have had pre-

sented to me recently a memorial, about which I should like your advice."

"I am weary," replied the Superior. "Let us have a game first, to rest our brains."

"Many persons consider chess work instead of play, and hard work at that," said his companion.

"Heer Chancellor," said the prelate, "few people know what hard work is."

And the Jesuit spoke advisedly. The Order which he represented, and to which he devoted his activities, was tireless in its labors. Jesuitism was the working out of a detailed program. To the faithful Catholic the Church was everything, but to the sincere Jesuit, everything must bend to his Order. For the carrying out of this principle, it was the conceived duty of every Jesuit to sweep every obstacle from his path, if that obstacle stood in the way of the ultimate success of the Order.

The game proceeded for a time in silence.

"Check!" said Monseigneur Ryder.

"The King is in trouble. Let us bring a knight to his relief," remarked the Chancellor.

"Check again!" said the Superior, taking the knight with a pawn.

"Let us bring out her Highness and see if she can assist the King," said the magistrate, moving his queen.

"Checkmate!" said the Superior, following this move of the enemy with the bishop. "The Church

triumphs now and evermore!" and Monseigneur smiled with complacency.

"Thanks, Father, for the lesson you have just given me in strategy. I wish the heretics in the Netherlands could be as easily disposed of as these counterfeit kings, queens, knights and pawns," he continued, as he dropped the ivory pieces into a box.

"No one can stay the march of time or the power of the Church," said the Superior. "Either the heretics must return to the fold of the Church, or they will be crushed. By the way, what was that memorial of which you spoke?"

"It was a document from the advocate Chenoweth, setting forth the claims of a certain Madame La Tour and her daughter."

"I received a similar petition in my ecclesiastical capacity," said the Superior. "The facts in the case are these: Madame La Tour was a Catholic, but against the tenets of the Church married a French Huguenot. They had one child, whom, it is supposed, her mother reared in the Catholic faith. During the persecution of the Huguenots, the estates of Monsieur La Tour were confiscated, and after the death of her husband, Madame and her daughter were reduced to poverty."

"But why was such severity allowed, if mother and daughter were staunch Catholics?" inquired the Chancellor.

" Because it was fitting that Madame should be punished for not converting her husband to the true faith, instead of living with him in perfect contentment until his death."

" How much property is involved? " asked the magistrate.

" A half million riksdalers, I believe. Madame La Tour has a near relative living in Amsterdam, who has recently died and bequeathed his property to her and the daughter. They evidently sought the advice of Chenoweth, in order to establish their claims."

" I wonder why they selected that young man, in preference to older and more noted counsel? " said the Chancellor.

" It is a sort of family matter," replied Monseigneur Ryder. " My position, as you know, enables me to obtain much information of a private character. Mademoiselle La Tour formed an attachment for Colonel Van Straalen in her childhood, which attachment I understand was ardently returned. This latter individual wrote to his intimate friend, Conrad Chenoweth, (who, by the way, is a lover of the Burgomaster's daughter,) and prayed him to use his influence with the authorities and help the plaintiff to secure her estates. I should like to have these schemes succeed in part and fail in part; that is to say, I want the money secured

to the daughter and then handed over to the Church."

"The game of that rascally Chenoweth shall fail, if I can compass it," snarled the Chancellor with a painful sort of a smile, which had a sneer in it.

"The pretty face of the Burgomaster's daughter is working mischief in more quarters than one," remarked the Superior with a significant look.

"Monseigneur is witty," said the Chancellor stiffly. "Your reverence takes his recreation in chess. I do myself the honor of being in love."

"Every man to his liking," said the churchman. "But we have digressed from the subject. I was about to unfold to you my plan in reference to these worthy ladies. While their suit is pending before the ecclesiastical authorities, I shall invite them to take up their residence as guests of the Convent of the Sacred Heart. The mother will be allowed to leave this retreat as soon as we are convinced that all heretical notions imbibed from her husband have been uprooted. The daughter will be persuaded to take the veil—willingly if we can bring it about, by compulsion if necessary. We shall accomplish two things by this procedure: we shall save a soul, and add to the depleted treasuries of the Church."

The Chancellor looked with admiration upon the Jesuit. "You have a subtle brain, Father, and you have solved the riddle with your accustomed wisdom. But one other point occurs to me: accord-

ing to an established law, a child born of parents, one Catholic and the other Protestant, is not considered legitimate. If this girl is not legitimated by law this snug little fortune would revert to the State. Why should not the government profit as well as the Church?"

The Superior regarded his companion with a look of pitying contempt.

"Do you not see that there is a serious flaw in your reasoning? Madame La Tour is a Catholic. If we ignore her claims entirely, this will afford her a fitting excuse for joining the heretics. If she should do this, the commissioners in Amsterdam, who have the will in charge, will dispose of the property otherwise, and neither Church nor State will profit thereby. If my plan is adhered to, you may rest assured that your services will be amply compensated. The Church never fails to reward her loyal children."

"As you wish, Father. I am willing to let the matter proceed as you have stated. I only hope you will not meet with opposition."

"I am used to opposition," replied the Jesuit, "but our resources are infinite. I have yet to meet the man or woman who has been subjected to the discipline of our Order who could not by some means be reduced to submission. My success is foreordained."

"There is one other matter, Monseigneur, about

which I should like to speak. I wish you would send a Jesuit, in whom you can trust, to spy upon the movements of Dr. John Chenoweth of Antwerp. I have reasons for desiring a complaint to be lodged against him to the authorities in that city. It will not answer for me to place a check upon that rascally advocate, Conrad Chenoweth, for he is under the powerful protection of William of Orange."

"How about the Burgomaster, Van Straalen?" said the Superior, with a touch of sarcasm. "He certainly should be under surveillance. He does not enforce the Edicts as he ought. Or perhaps you will sacrifice a principle for the sake of your mistress?"

"You Jesuits know everything," replied the Chancellor, in some confusion. "Yes, it is true that for the sake of Hilvardine Van Straalen I should like to let that family slip along as easily as possible."

"You are inconsistent, my friend," said Monseigneur. "You spare one heretic and condemn another in the same breath. Remember the motto of your office: 'Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum.'"

Then, as though the words were pleasant to his ears, he repeated them in sonorous tones: "Let justice be done, though the heavens fall!"

CHAPTER X.

A PRINCE OF THE CHURCH.

"THE hour grows late, Heer Chancellor. I will bid you good evening, as I have still other business to attend to before I sleep." Raising his hand in benediction the Superior retired.

The buildings appointed for the brethren of the Order of Jesus lay in the rear of the cathedral. They were imposing in construction, and planned with due attention to both beauty and comfort. Extensive grounds, artistically designed, surrounded the buildings and were enclosed by a high brick wall, the gates of which were kept locked. The Superior fitted a key to the lock and entered the grounds. He passed up the neatly gravelled walk without encountering any one, and entered the door leading to the library. The walls on three sides of the room were covered with massive oak bookcases which were filled with books, some of them of priceless value. On an exquisitely inlaid table was a costly missal, beautifully illuminated, and besides this was a rosary studded with precious stones, which caught and reflected the rays of light

which fell from a silver lamp suspended from the ceiling. A marble bust of Christ, sculptured in bas-relief, filled a niche in the corner of the room, while on the walls were the masterpieces of Rubens, "The Descent from the Cross" and "The Adoration of the Magi."

The Jesuit did not linger to read or pray, but walked toward that portion of the wall which was devoid of ornamentation, but which in other respects seemed no different from the other walls. Touching a secret spring, a door opened, revealing a small apartment beyond, which the priest entered. It was a beautiful room, fitted up with all the luxury known to this age. The Regent herself did not occupy a more elegantly appointed room. Aside from the rich tapestries and antique furniture, the walls were literally covered with costly paintings. The Superior was a passionate admirer of beauty in all its manifold forms. He compensated in a measure for his outward life of asceticism, and satisfied the cravings of his nature with these rare paintings, which were the companions of his solitude. There were pictures of beautiful women that smiled on the priest from the canvas, without coquetry or caprice. A connoisseur of art, the Superior had selected those gems which had caught the reflection of every type of loveliness embodied in the female face and form. There were several pictures of the Madonna of rare merit, with the sweet

though sensuous beauty which most of the old masters have given to that well known face. Paintings representing the beautiful women of the Bible hung upon the walls. There were Ruth, Esther, Miriam, Jephtha's daughter, and Mary Magdalene.

The critical eye of the priest surveyed these still representatives of a warm, passionate life with the keenest satisfaction. Just at this moment a clock on the cathedral chimed the hour of midnight. The music of that magnificent mass from the Stabat Mater, intoned by a choir of carefully trained voices, floated on the evening air. After the last harmonious chord had died away the Superior laid aside the heavy serge garment in which he was attired and assumed a loose flowing robe of the finest silk. Then a lay brother appeared, bearing on a silver tray a daintily prepared luncheon, served on the finest of linen and the rarest of china. The Jesuit partook of these viands with the relish of an epicure, and sipped his choice wine with a clear conscience. As a high dignitary of the Church, he had derived a perpetual indulgence from the Pope, and he was privileged to enjoy every pleasure which his rank afforded him, provided that the outward decorum of the Church was not violated.

Touching a bell, an attendant appeared to remove the tray.

"Send Father Steen to me!" said the Jesuit peremptorily.

With a humble obeisance the lay brother departed to do his bidding.

In a few moments the gaunt form of Father Steen appeared in the doorway.

"I have an important mission to entrust to you," said the Superior. "Be prepared to start for Antwerp by daybreak."

The priest bowed.

"You are to watch carefully the movements of two families—that of the Burgomaster, Anthony Van Straalen, and that of Dr. John Chenoweth."

At the mention of the doctor's name the priest started as if stung, and beads of perspiration came out on his brow. He wiped them away, and his lips twitched nervously as though he were about to speak.

The Superior watched him with a quiet smile.

"You seem disturbed, Father Steen, by this command. Why?"

"You know why, your reverence. You are asking me to walk into temptation, to watch the actions of the woman I lo— once loved," corrected the priest, catching his words just in time.

A curious look hovered in the Superior's eyes.

"How long is it since you have seen your old sweetheart?" he inquired contemptuously.

"Twenty years."

"The best medicine I can recommend for you, Steen, is to go and see Madam Chenoweth—and

be cured of your folly. Twenty years! Why, man, you left her a blooming girl. She is now a middle-aged woman, probably sour, disappointed, ugly. This is the concise history of most married women."

"Your reverence," said the priest passionately, "you have never been in love."

"By the mass, I trust not! I have been graciously spared that folly."

"Why folly?" demanded his companion.

"The confessional should answer that question for you. I have heard enough of these family histories in my day to make me a firm believer in celibacy. And as for beauty, just look about you!" and the Superior waved his hand toward the lovely faces on the wall, that seemed, in the dim light of the silver lamp, to take on the semblance of life. "I have seen scores of just as beautiful women, but never yet have I regretted my vow of celibacy."

"You are a cynic!" retorted Father Steen.

"A cynic? Yes, perhaps! Every student of that elusive, disturbing quantity commonly known as woman is bound to be a cynic."

The Superior smiled indulgently. "Father Steen, you are the only man in this house that I would allow to stand and argue with me. But you are a good man and a valuable man. I am sorry that you dislike your mission, but it must be performed nevertheless, and in your accustomed skilful manner."

Father Steen could not resist the powerful personality of the Superior, strive though he might. The passionate look which for a few moments had changed the whole expression of his face disappeared, and his features resumed their accustomed impassive look. He was once more a Jesuit.

"I obey, your reverence."

"That is all," said the Superior. "Report to me at your earliest convenience. You may retire."

With a slight inclination of the head the priest withdrew.

Monseigneur Ryder's power lay in his ability to sway and mould the actions of those with whom he associated. The secret of the power of the Order of Jesus was not altogether in its system, but in the selection of leaders. From the time of Loyola to the present time the Jesuits have been signally fortunate in their choice of leaders. A man like Father Ryder, by the force of a strong intellectual personality, gave life and vigor to a set of rules which would have been as nothing without this vivifying influence.

For some time the Superior sat in his luxurious room reviewing the events of the evening.

"So the Chancellor thinks it doubtful if I persuade Mademoiselle La Tour to enter the convent and take the veil," he soliloquized. At length he laughed softly. He was recalling the look of disgust on the magistrate's face when he lost the game

of chess. "Thus easily will I remove all the obstacles from my path," said the Jesuit with a look of conscious power. "I will dispose my pieces with the greatest circumspection. I will advance the pawns, defend the king, and make ready for the final checkmate. The game is mine!"

Little did the Superior dream that a woman's frail hand would overturn that chessboard and scatter the pieces to the four winds! How should he know that the game would be recast on entirely different lines, and that he, Monseigneur Ryder, was destined to suffer an ignominious defeat!

CHAPTER XI.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

In a quiet, unpretentious street in the poorer part of Brussels there was a cheap boarding-house, in which Madame La Tour and her daughter had taken rooms while their suit was pending. That these ladies were in strained circumstances was evidenced by their humble surroundings.

They were seated late one morning at the breakfast table, which was scantily furnished with the cheapest viands.

Madame La Tour turned from her cup of weak chocolate with a look of ill-concealed disgust.

"Katharine, I cannot endure this suspense much longer. Do you not suppose our case will be decided upon before long?"

"I expect we shall have to wait patiently as best we can, mother. You know Heer Chenoweth said that investigations were being made which would occupy some time."

"I think we had better employ another advocate," said Madame fretfully. "Heer Chenoweth recommended our doing so on account of his hav-

ing incurred the Chancellor's displeasure. If we do not hear anything definite to-day, I shall be in favor of trying other means."

"Do nothing rash, I entreat you," replied the daughter. "Heer Chenoweth will leave no stone unturned to secure for us our just rights. I have full confidence in his ability."

"Why so?" demanded Madame. "The advocate is an entire stranger to us. Why should he care whether two obscure women received justice?"

A flush mantled the girl's cheek, which the elder lady was not slow to observe. "Ah, I see. It is because Heer Chenoweth is Colonel Van Straalen's friend that you regard him with such favor. Have you not forgotten that childish attachment?"

"I shall never forget what a kind, noble friend Colonel Van Straalen was to us," said Katharine.

"It is more than likely that he has forgotten you by this time. At least I hope he has. How long is it since you heard from him?"

"More than a year. But it is possible that his letters miscarried."

"I do not believe it. For my sake, Katharine, do not let this unfortunate attachment of yours be known. If it were even suspected we should lose all hope of gaining that fortune. Colonel Van Straalen is a Protestant. The mere fact that you were interested in an enemy of the Church would ruin our case. I beg you to be prudent."

Katharine La Tour looked at the wan, distressed face of her mother with pitying eyes.

"Of course I shall be discreet, mother. I am a nominal Catholic, and I have seen too much misery arising from marriages where the contracting parties were of different faiths to care to add to the number."

"The law forbidding marriage between Catholics and Protestants is more rigorously enforced than it was when I married your father," said Madame. "What troublous times I have lived through! And yet, although I had a Huguenot husband, and loved him devotedly, I remained true to the Church. I might just as well have turned Protestant for all the good it has done me. The Catholics have turned the cold shoulder to me, and I have spent the few hundred francs which were all that were saved from your father's estate in prosecuting a claim which is more than likely to be denied."

"Be careful, mother. I fear your words may be overheard. For all that we know, we may be surrounded by spies."

"But what will become of us, Katharine, if the law refuses to legitimate you? We have no home and no resources."

These words were evidently a revelation to the girl. She flushed painfully. "Legitimate me, did you say, the child of Christian parents? Why, the marriage ceremony was performed by a noble Prot-

estant pastor, who was good enough, you have said, to be the successor of St. Peter. Then the rite was sanctioned by a priest of our own faith. It seems wicked that such a stain should be thrown upon our honored name."

"If there was the semblance of justice in this country, such indignities would not be permitted," said Madame; "but might makes right in these days, and we have no influence with those in power. I tell you, daughter, what we will do if we are so fortunate as to secure this property. We will emigrate to England, where our rights will be respected and where we shall have the privilege of worshipping God without remonstrance. How does this plan impress you?"

"I should much rather cross the ocean, and in a new country help to found a colony where religious controversy and persecution would be unknown."

"And live among Indians and negroes?" cried Madame La Tour. "You caught that insane idea from Colonel Van Straalen, I suspect. You seem to regard all his sayings as law and gospel. I am very glad he left you when he did, else I am afraid he might have converted you to the Protestant faith."

"Possibly he would, mother. The trouble with me is that I have no settled belief. My father's example and his precepts ring in my ears, while outwardly I have been taught to conform to the Catho-

lic faith. The time is coming when I shall claim the privilege of studying the doctrines held by both Protestants and Catholics, and of making an unbiased choice."

" At least I hope you will postpone your investigations until after we secure our inheritance," said Madame.

" Do not be alarmed, mother. Worldly interest, as well as filial affection, are both arrayed on the side of the Catholic faith. My inclinations are toward that faith also. I enjoy the ritualistic service and the music which are heard in her cathedrals. On the other hand, I truly long to know the truth, and I shall seek it prayerfully."

The two ladies were so engrossed in their conversation that they did not hear a light tap on the door. They were made aware of the presence of a third person by the words, " Benedicite, my daughters! " The startled ladies looked toward the door, where the imposing figure of Monseigneur Ryder greeted their eyes.

CHAPTER XII.

IN THE SNARE.

"Do not be frightened, ladies. I have come not to rebuke you, but to serve you. Allow me to introduce myself. Among my friends I am known as Father Ryder. If my standing among the brethren is called into question, people salute me as Monseigneur Ryder, Superior of the House of the Jesuits in Brussels. By Madame La Tour and her daughter I hope to be addressed as Father Ryder."

The Jesuit bowed courteously to the elder lady, but his eyes rested longest on the fair face of Katharine La Tour. The young girl had just budded into womanhood, yet the sweet spring air of girlhood hovered about her like the scent of woodland violets. Monseigneur Ryder, with his æsthetic tastes, was quick to recognize the subtle charm of that sensitive, high-bred face. Katharine La Tour had inherited from some Saxon ancestor her transparent complexion and large blue eyes. But it was the harmonious blending of dignity and gentleness, the modest flushing of the cheek, the candor and intelligence that beamed from her clear eyes, which constituted her chief charm. The Superior felt

more of human emotion than usual, and he gazed with considerable attention upon the woman who was capable of awakening in his mind more than a passing interest.

Madame La Tour recognized fully, and her daughter in part, that somehow their fate rested in the hands of this distinguished Jesuit.

Both ladies arose and made reverent salutations, and Madame La Tour bade the Superior to sit down. She furthermore expressed her pleasure at the honor bestowed upon herself and daughter by this visit.

"I think, ladies," said the Superior, "that you cannot be in ignorance of my mission to-day. Before the estates to which you have recently fallen heir can be legally conveyed to you, it is necessary that the Church should be satisfied as to your orthodoxy. Of Madame La Tour we have no serious doubts, but as to whether her daughter is a good Catholic we are not so confident. Has she been duly instructed in the Catholic faith, and does she profess to be a true believer?" he inquired of Madame.

"Certainly, your reverence. Her father, to be sure, was a Huguenot, but continued persecution broke his spirit. He did not wish to have his child urged to follow a path which led to such direful results, and so he permitted me to rear her in my own faith."

"Your husband showed remarkable leniency for one of that accursed sect," said the Jesuit, with an ill-concealed sneer.

"My father was everything that was honorable and noble," said Katharine La Tour proudly. "Could you have known him, your reverence, I do not think you would have despised him even though he was a Huguenot."

The expression which animated the young girl's face made her wonderfully attractive.

"I admire your loyalty to your father's memory," said the Jesuit gently. "I have no doubt he possessed excellent virtues. I only regret that he chose to die outside the pale of the Church."

"Is my daughter's standing as a Catholic questioned?" asked Madame, her thoughts centring about the inheritance which meant so much to her.

"Frankly, yes. Reports have reached us which lead us to doubt her devotion to mother Church."

"But I tell you she is a Catholic," said Madame, irritably. "Is not the word of a good Catholic sufficient to set your doubts to rest?"

"Madame La Tour, this is no ordinary case. There is a large fortune at stake, which must not be allowed to go into Protestant hands. It is entirely for your own interest and that of your daughter to profess orthodoxy and to support your statements by an outward observance of the rites and ceremonies of the Catholic Church. What we wish to

know is whether Mademoiselle is anything more than a nominal Catholic."

The Superior watched the young lady keenly while he was speaking. Quick to read faces and to form correct judgments, her look of terror and her extreme pallor convinced him that he was on the verge of a discovery. Fixing his searching eyes on her face, he said: "My child, tell me frankly what is your spiritual condition. I know that you are incapable of either falsehood or deceit."

The young girl felt the powerful personality of the Superior, and her lips framed almost unconsciously the statement which he had requested her to make.

"Your reverence, you have judged correctly. I shall speak only the simple truth." Then gathering courage the girl stated her position with dignity and candor.

"I am, your reverence, at heart neither a Catholic nor a Protestant. The freedom to choose some religious belief was left in my hands. My father insisted that until I arrived at maturity I was not to be unduly biased in favor of either the Huguenot faith or the Roman Catholic religion. I attended mass with my mother and went to confession. My confessor was not strict, and he allowed me to come up without any definite instruction as to the fundamental beliefs of his faith. I am in the deplorable condition of a person who does not know his own

mind; but I am desirous of knowing the truth, and both my inclinations and my interests favor the Catholic religion. If after due study the doctrines of your Church satisfy my reason and conscience, I shall be only too glad to enter heart and soul into the duties and privileges of a devout believer."

The Superior felt a thrill of triumph at this revelation. He now understood the girl's character perfectly, and his line of action became plain. He looked his admiration as he said: "My child, I thank you for your confidence, which has dispelled my doubts as to your sincerity. I shall be pleased to place in your hands the writings of the greatest saints of the Church, and to help you to secure the knowledge which your intellect craves. I have no doubt but what a few months of careful and prayerful study will convince you of the infallibility of the Roman Catholic Church. Now, Madame La Tour, let me unfold to you my plan. There are still a few forms and preliminary steps to be attended to before your claims can be adjusted. The consent of the Chancellor of Brabant I obtained previous to my visit to you. It only remains for me to satisfy the ecclesiastical authorities, and the property is yours. I will advise that both of you ladies take up your residence in the Convent of the Sacred Heart until these matters are adjusted. Mademoiselle can then receive the instruction she craves, and Madame will find the accommodations infinitely

superior to those she is enduring here. As I wish to personally superintend the religious instruction which Mademoiselle La Tour receives, it will be more convenient for me to have her in charge of the Lady Abbess."

"Can we not remain here just as well?" faltered Madame, who had a wholesome dread of "holy houses."

"Daughter," said the Jesuit sternly, "you should obey your spiritual advisers and not argue with them. Do you not see your consent to reside at the convent will do more to disarm suspicion as to your orthodoxy than any number of statements or assertions of piety? Believe me, I am seeking your best good by my request."

"Forgive me, Father, for my seeming ingratitude. We will gladly accompany you."

"Then the matter is settled," said Monseigneur Ryder rising. "A carriage will be sent for you in two hours. Set your hearts at rest, for your expectations will shortly be realized. At all events, you can rely upon my hearty co-operation. Farewell."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MINSTREL'S MESSAGE.

THE Prince of Orange sat alone in his private reception-room. He looked anxious and depressed, as a man might well look to whose arm a whole nation was clinging. In his dark hair gleamed many silver threads, and his face was wrinkled and worn, although he was only thirty years of age. The Regent had refused to accept his resignation, and he was placed in an equivocal position. Still, with the persistence of his intense nature, he struggled manfully to do what he believed to be his duty. "For Fatherland and conscience" was ever his motto.

While he was reflecting upon the unhappy condition of his countrymen, a gentle knock sounded upon the door.

"Come in!" said William wearily.

"I am sorry to disturb you, dear master," said Conrad Chenoweth, who was sincerely devoted to the Prince's person and interests, "but Francis Junius has arrived in disguise, and craves an immediate audience with your Excellency."

"Admit him at once," replied William.

In a moment this remarkable Protestant preacher and the greatest prince of his times were face to face. It was their first meeting. William, always courteous, always hospitable and generous, stretched out his hand and said graciously: "I bid you welcome, Seigneur Junius. But are you not courting death to venture into Brussels, the paradise of the Catholics?"

"It is a paradise guarded by many flaming swords," was the quick reply. "As to my safety, noble Prince, I give little heed to that. Martyrdom will sooner or later be my portion. I only ask that my life may prove to have been a stone in the great temple of freedom which, if God will, shall be built in the Netherlands."

"You have just returned from Germany, I believe," said William. "What success did you have with those in authority?"

"None at all!" returned Junius gloomily. "The Lutheran princes are narrow and bigoted. They will not help the Calvinists or any one who differs in the least from them. They fight not against anti-Christ, but against the brother who praises God in a different form of words. This faith is like a stagnant pool, which gives life to none."

"Why is it, Seigneur, that in times like these, when the Protestants ought to hold together, they are divided into sects? Those of the same faith ought to be united."

"Gracious Prince, it is for you and King Philip to teach the people of the Netherlands the spirit of tolerance. The people have reached an important crisis in their lives. They look to you to deliver them from the hand of the destroyer. The time is ripe for action. The voice of freedom, that mighty voice of nations, is ever 'God and the people,' and it has always confessed its deliverer in Him. In the name of the Lord of Hosts, I bring you His message to-day, 'Go forward!'"

"The nobles are already doing that," replied William. "They have risen to right the wrongs of the nation."

"The nobles!" said Junius contemptuously. "What are they doing? Banqueting, debauching, uttering incautious words which will bring them to ruin, and acting like children just broken loose from parental authority. Some one has truly said that 'the nobles are but the gilded hands on the outside of the dial—the hour to strike will be determined by the obscure but weighty movements within.' Your Excellency, the hands of the clock already point to the hour. The people are calling for Father William to lead them out of their Egypt into the promised land."

"If I understand you aright," said the cautious Prince, "you are asking me to lead a revolt against lawful authority."

Junius fixed his keen eyes on the troubled face

of the Prince of Orange. "Pardon my frankness, most illustrious Prince, but are you a Netherlander, and speak of tyranny as lawful authority? Tolerance is good in times of peace, but when public liberty is attacked, to pardon the crime is to share it. It was Luther's theory that persecution should be borne with dumb resignation. The disciples of Calvin know how to die like martyrs, after having striven like men."

Ignoring the implied rebuke, William said calmly, "Seigneur Junius, what can be the outcome of a reformation which is already divided against itself?"

A sad look came into the preacher's face. "I do not wonder that this question has suggested itself to your mind. No loyalty to a system should prevent us from admitting its serious defects. The Reformation, being largely the work of man, has many defects. I deplore this fact as much as you, but I firmly believe that the day is coming when unity will prevail. Do I believe that armed resistance will be successful? Certainly I believe so, for even tyranny has its limitations. The Church of Rome fights not against nations, but against free thought. She will find to her cost that she can never slay what is immortal. But I will not weary you longer, gracious Prince," said Junius, rising. "May God in His wisdom guide you in all your decisions."

"MAY GOD IN HIS WISDOM GUIDE YOU." Page 104.

"Your arguments, Seigneur, shall receive my careful attention," replied William. "I beg of you to incur no needless risks in your zeal for the cause. Farewell."

Junius passed into an ante-room, where the young advocate helped him into his disguise. With a white wig, long white mustache, and a harp slung over his shoulder, he presented the figure common in those days, of a travelling minstrel.

"The servants are anxious for an exhibition of your skill as a musician," said Conrad. "Do you think it would be wise to gratify them?"

"By all means!" was the reply.

They found the servants assembled in the spacious hall. The aged minstrel struck a few chords on the harp, and then sang in a rich baritone voice a stirring song very popular at this time:

"We have taken our land from the sea,
Its fields are all yellow with grain;
Its meadows are green on the lea,
And now shall we give it to Spain?
No, no, no, no!

"We have planted the faith that is pure,
That faith to the end we'll maintain;
For the word and the truth must endure;
Shall we bow to the Pope and to Spain?
No, no, no, no!

"Shall we give up our long cherished right?
Make the blood of our fathers in vain?
Do we fear any tyrant to fight?
Shall we hold out our hands for the chain?
No, no, no, no!

"Our ships are on every sea,
Our honor has never a stain,
Our law and our commerce are free,
Are we slaves for the tyrant of Spain?
No, no, no, no!

Great enthusiasm greeted this patriotic song, and the minstrel was eagerly besought to sing again, but he steadfastly refused, and went his way unrecognized.

Meanwhile, in another part of Brussels, Baron Berlaymont was taking his nephew to task.

"My dear Hugo," said the Baron, "I have noticed for some time, with considerable surprise and displeasure, your growing intimacy with the young advocate Chenoweth. I have been waiting for your accustomed good sense to assert itself, and show you that this young man was not a suitable companion for you. You will please me greatly by breaking off this acquaintance at once."

There was a striking resemblance between uncle and nephew despite the difference in their ages. But the expression of these two faces was totally unlike. On the face of the "Tiger of Brussels" lay the shadow of fierce, unholy passions, which neither his self-command nor his freezing hauteur could conceal. Hugo's face was as frank and open as the day.

"Conrad Chenoweth is well spoken of," said the

lad, " and everyone concedes that he is a loyal patriot."

" He is a Protestant," replied the Baron, " and that ought to be enough for you to know. To be sure, he may possess good qualities, but this ought not to blind our eyes to the fact that he is a heretic. It is our duty to destroy heretics root and branch. Being under the patronage of that cosmopolitan, William of Orange, we have been obliged so far to tolerate such men."

" But," persisted Hugo, " if heretics lead honest, respectable lives, ought they not to be tolerated as well as Catholics, many of whom lead dissolute lives? "

The Baron regarded his nephew pityingly. " You are young, my boy, and are not conversant with the philosophy of the age. Did you never hear it said that ' the measure of every man is his belief '? We should judge men by their opinions, as well as by their actions. However, if you are fond of this young man's society, there is one condition on which you may continue it: Chancellor Maas is anxious to learn the advocate's conversation and habits; you could help us very much by drawing the young man out in reference to the plans of the heretics, their meetings, and the hiding-place of their preacher Junius. In this manner you might render the Church a signal service."

" Uncle," cried the boy passionately, " do you

ask me to be a spy? Do you suppose that I will stoop to such meanness? I would rather never see Conrad Chenoweth's face again than to play the part of Judas."

"But I desire you to help the cause of the Church by exposing the doings of the heretics."

"That I will never do!"

"Boy, do you dare oppose me?" said the Baron in hoarse tones. "Beware how you thwart me! I have always been gentle with you, but it is not best to trifle with me."

"I do not wish to oppose you, uncle, but my conscience forbids my engaging in such dishonorable duties."

"It is a pity that your conscience does not bid you render me implicit obedience."

Uncle and nephew stood looking at each other. There was something so noble and spiritual in the lad's beautiful face that the elder man's eyes fell before that searching, sorrowful gaze.

At length the Baron said, "Hugo, you know my weakness. I cannot remain angry with you for long. Let us drop the matter and the advocate. At least you will respect my wishes so far as to cease all intercourse with that heretic?"

"Certainly, uncle," answered Hugo with a sigh of regret.

CHAPTER XIV.

MAKING AN ENEMY.

HILVARDINE VAN STRAALEN and Madam Chenoweth were seated before the open fire. The girl's cheek had lost something of its roundness and bloom, and deep, violet shadows rested heavily under the beautiful eyes.

"Dear Madam," she was saying, "there is nothing before me but a life of misery. Father is inexorable. He says I must wed the Chancellor, and neither my entreaties nor mother's arguments move him a particle. What shall I do?"

Poor Hilvardine! The world seemed suddenly to have grown cold and dark in spite of the bright June sun, and her head drooped until it rested on Madam's knees.

"And dost thou love Conrad, my child?"

"His presence is like the brightest sunshine or the sweetest music. How can I give him up?"

"And Conrad loves you, my child, of that I am sure. Love to you both seems to mean only pain and separation. How often, when we pluck the

rose of human love, we are wounded by the thorns which surround it!"

"Tell me, dear Madam, if it is my duty to wed the Chancellor."

"I see no course open to you except to obey your father's command, Hilvardine. Had he required you to renounce your religion, then it would have been your duty to disobey him. But in this matter it is customary for children to accept such marriages as their parents make for them. We all have to drink the cup as God mingles it, my child, the bitter with the sweet."

"Perhaps God will provide a way of escape for me if I seek to do His will," said Hilvardine.

"With God all things are possible," said Madam. "The future is in His hands. He can make even the wrath of man to praise Him. If it is His will that your life and Conrad's flow in separate channels, remember that God knows best. Let the knowledge that God knows, and God cares, sustain you in this trying hour. God's love is far beyond all earthly love. It is like the ocean, beside which poor human affection is but as a trembling dewdrop. God does not chide you for your love, for He is love. Let God do with you as He will. Only keep hold of His hand, and you shall surely be guided into the ways of peace."

The conflict was sharp and sore, but at last Hilvardine grew calm. Her anchor was cast, and the

tossing of the waves but strengthened its hold, and embedded it more securely in that sure resting-place within the veil.

In a red and gold ante-chamber at the Hotel de Ville, in Antwerp, Chancellor Maas was at his toilet, surrounded by a bevy of obsequious lackeys. They were engaged in the wearisome task of rejuvenating the elderly man so that his face should not record his sixty-five years, but present the appearance of a man of thirty-five. With a look of vanity, the magistrate watched the result. At length the work of art was completed, and arrayed in a gorgeous costume of silver and blue, he surveyed his reflection in the mirror with serenity.

Dismissing his servants, the Chancellor repaired to the Burgomaster's house. He was ushered into the presence of Madam Van Straalen.

"Hilvardine is spending the day away from home," said that lady.

"Where, may I ask?"

Madam hesitated.

"Is she at Dr. Chenoweth's again?"

"Yes."

The Chancellor grew very red in the face. "Did I not tell you that there would be trouble if your daughter did not cease her visits to that family?"

"She is very fond of Madam Chenoweth," began the Burgomaster's wife.

" Madam Chenoweth indeed! " replied the Chancellor scornfully. " Your daughter goes there to get tidings of that rascally advocate, I have no doubt. She shall suffer for this! I am tired of her sharp speeches and lofty manners. There are other women in the Netherlands just as fascinating as Mistress Hilvardine, who would be pleased to give my addresses their complaisant consideration. I told you, Madam Van Straalen, that any disobedience to my express orders would receive a summary punishment. You shall all suffer for this piece of impertinence."

The Chancellor left the Burgomaster's house fuming with rage at his disappointment, and inwardly cherishing plans for a speedy revenge.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LADY ABBESS.

In a simple but richly appointed room sat Monseigneur Ryder and the Mother Superior of the convent of the Sacred Heart. The lady wore the customary long flowing robe of her Order, but the material was of the softest texture, and heavy cord and tassels of silk confined the garment at the waist. She had one of those dark, beautiful faces which defy the ravages of time—whose beauty time enhances rather than diminishes. Ordinarily the face of the Lady Abbess expressed simply thoughtfulness and an indomitable will: but for a moment the mask was laid aside. Her countenance grew hard and the stern lips seemed framed to pronounce judgment. The look of calm repose had fled and was replaced by an expression which indicated coldness, disillusion, reproach and bitterness.

"I tell you, Monseigneur, I cannot do it."

"And I repeat, my cousin, that you shall."

The two faces looked as though they might have been hewn out of the same block of marble, so similar were they in feature and expression.

The dark eyes of the Lady Abbess flashed and her breast heaved with suppressed emotion.

"Have a care, Julius!" she said. "Do not goad me too far."

"Be so kind, fair cousin, as to remember the amount of your indebtedness to me."

"Indebtedness!" The Mother Superior laughed in derision. "Indebtedness is a good word, Julius. I am indebted to you for a rest which is not peace —a calm which is not submission—an endurance of my fate which has no kin to resignation. I tell you, Julius, that the man or woman whom worldliness drives into the convent or cloister, is not delivered from the evil passions of the world. The consecrated garments of the Church, as you well know, leave the breast above which they are folded precisely what it was before."

"See to it, my lady, that you keep such heretical doctrines locked securely in your own bosom. You are indebted to me, and you know it. I have provided you with what your soul craves—position, power, and, above all," he added significantly, "with a house of refuge. Furthermore, those privileges and extensions which you are desirous of having this convent secure rest entirely upon my recommendations. Submit to my will, and your requests shall be granted. Refuse, and I will see to it that your power is materially limited."

These words brought the Lady Abbess to sub-

mission. "Well, Julius, it is folly for us to quarrel, we are of too much use to each other. Forgive my frankness, for I have been seriously tried of late. I will do as you desire. When does this girl arrive?"

"In a few hours," said Monseigneur, rising. "I go to accompany them hither. I am glad, Agnes, that you are wise enough not to break friendship with me. You say truly that we need each other. Farewell for a brief time."

The Jesuit repaired at once to the house occupied by Madame La Tour and her daughter. He found them occupied in gathering together what effects could be conveniently carried with them.

Katharine was selecting a few volumes from a small bookcase.

"You do not need to take any books, my daughter," said the Superior. "The convent library is quite extensive, and what farther reading matter you lack, I will see is supplied from my own library."

"Permit me, holy father, to take these two volumes with me," said Katharine, holding out a translation of the Bible used by the Huguenots and a collection of Theodore Beza's hymns. "I prize them highly, because they were so dear to my father," added the girl.

"The poems you may keep, Mademoiselle, but we are strictly enjoined on peril of our souls not to meddle with the Word of God. This holy Word is

like a two-edged sword, wounding and bringing death to all unskilled hands which dare wield it. I will explain to you such portions of the Bible as are necessary for a right interpretation of the doctrines of the Roman Catholic faith."

The carriage had now arrived which was to convey them to their destination. Madame La Tour hoped and prayed that their stay in the convent might be brief. She knew the character of these places by reputation, and the reports which were rife among the Huguenots, while exaggerated, were not lacking in a foundation of fact which furnished just material for condemnation.

In a short time they traversed the distance between their boarding place and the convent of the Sacred Heart. It was located in close proximity to the House of the Jesuits. The grounds were enclosed by a brick wall from twelve to fifteen feet in height.

The ladies alighted from the carriage, and Monseigneur Ryder rapped three times in quick succession on the wall. Immediately a door was opened by a portress, who invited the guests to enter. Katharine gave a cry of pleasure at the view before her. The convent was an old stone building, partially covered with clinging vines. The neatly trimmed shrubbery, the gravelled walks, beds filled with a riotous profusion of flowers, murmuring fountains, and the pleasant shadow of trees,

made these grounds like an Eden in miniature. Even a more resigned expression came over the worn face of Madame La Tour at the quiet, peaceful scene.

From out of the vine-clad porch came the stately figure of the Abbess, her fine features wearing a look of calmness and her lips wreathed with smiles.

"You are welcome to the convent of the Sacred Heart," she said in a rich, expressive voice, giving her hand to Madame La Tour and pressing a kiss upon the girl's fair forehead. "I trust our humble abode may prove a restful asylum for you both. I have learned your sad history with commiseration."

These sympathetic words allayed Madame's fears. As for Katharine, with the impulsiveness of youth, she yielded willing homage to this gracious woman.

Monseigneur Ryder watched the scene with satisfaction. He knew full well that if the Lady Abbess chose to be fascinating no young person could long withstand the charm of her personality.

Sister Margaret was summoned, who escorted the ladies to a pleasant suite of rooms on the second floor, daintily furnished, with all the necessary conveniences.

"I did not expect to find such creature comfort in a convent," said Madame La Tour in surprise.

"You forget that you are guests of the Lady Abbess," said their guide. "The Sisters themselves are permitted no such luxuries."

"I should not be surprised if we were able to tolerate a few weeks here with some degree of pleasure," said Madame, in relieved tones.

"I am in love with the convent already," replied Katharine. "After having been driven before the storm for so many weary months, it is pleasant to find such a quiet haven. As for the Mother Superior, she is simply adorable."

The lay sister, while apparently arranging the room, listened intently to the conversation of the guests.

Meanwhile Monseigneur Ryder and the Lady Abbess were again conversing in a private anteroom.

"What do you think of the ladies?" the Jesuit was saying.

"The mother can be easily disposed of. The daughter will require judicious management."

"Such as my fair cousin knows well how to give," replied Monseigneur.

"Katharine La Tour is a very attractive girl. She is generous, impulsive, affectionate. She reminds me of my own girlhood, with this exception: she has learned in the school of adversity how to restrain the wild impulses of the heart, while I gave the rein to my foolish fancies. But she has no business here, Julius, with that face. Let us understand each other. Are you fully determined on having her take the veil?"

"Most emphatically, yes. And Agnes," he added, "I want everything made pleasant and easy for Mademoiselle La Tour. Do not use discipline, except as a last resort. I would give much to have her accede to my wishes of her own free will."

The Lady Abbess regarded her cousin in surprise. "I never heard you express such a humane sentiment toward one of my sex before, Julius. This young girl must possess wonderful magic, if she has touched the cold heart of Monseigneur Ryder."

The Superior winced at these words. "I admit frankly, Agnes, that I am strangely interested in this girl. Why, I know not and I care not. Aside from this fact remains the more practical one of the girl's fortune. A small portion of this property will revert to the mother; another slice will be required to satisfy the cupidity of the civil magistrate; but the bulk will go to endow this splendidly equipped convent. You see, cousin mine, that self-interest alone should prompt you to do your best in this case."

"And my best I will do, Julius. You have my assurance that in a short time Katharine La Tour, of her own free will, shall become a Sister of my Order."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE RIOT.

It was a stormy evening. The moisture, which had been rising all day from the river, was now falling in copious showers of rain. The wind howled dismally through the trees, and ever and anon came sounds above the roar of the tempest, which filled the heart with misgiving.

"I wish the Prince could have remained in Antwerp until after the festival of the Assumption," said Dr. Chenoweth to his wife.

"Do you fear a riot?"

"Yes, Agatha."

The sounds increased, and hurrying feet sped past the house. The doctor arose, and putting on his cape prepared to go out.

"I must learn the cause of this agitation," he said. "I will not be gone long."

The doctor returned in about an hour looking anxious and tired. "If the Catholics persist in holding their festival to-morrow, wife, there will surely be trouble. The air is full of mutterings, which bode no good. It is earthquake weather,

and the moral atmosphere is rapidly lowering. Count Brederode's visit to Antwerp has sown the seeds of recklessness and mob law."

The morning of the eighteenth of June, 1566, dawned clear and bright. Although the Catholics were in the minority in Antwerp, they were in nowise daunted by this fact. The time-honored festival of the Ommegang proceeded as usual.

It consisted in the conveying from one end of the city to the other of a colossal image of the Virgin. This image was borne aloft on the shoulders of priests and followed by the religious sodalities, guilds and military organizations. The sounds of drum and fife heralded the approach of the "Queen of Heaven." This wooden image, to the Protestants, meant the Inquisition and the stake. The sight of this solemn pageant filled their hearts with indignation. The procession was followed by the usual crowd of scoffers, who confined themselves to insulting words and gestures. One or two of the bolder ones threw mud upon the image as it passed, crying, "Mayken, Mayken, your hour is come! Antwerp is tired of you! This is your last promenade!"

The festivities incident to this occasion were shortened; the procession halted in safety before the cathedral doors, and the mud-bespattered representative of Our Lady was carried within. Instead of remaining in the centre of the church, as

was customary after this festival, the image was conveyed to a place of safety behind the iron screen of the choir.

That night Antwerp slept in peace.

The next morning a disorderly crowd assembled before the doors of the great cathedral, turbulent but purposeless. Antwerp possessed a large number of foreigners. This city was then the commercial metropolis of the world. Thither had gathered the scum of various nationalities. All that these foreigners had contributed to this city was the vice of their own country.

The multitude which had congregated before the cathedral represented poverty, greed and revenge: elements which under favoring conditions could easily become lawless and inflammable.

The riot began with a trivial circumstance. The door of the cathedral being unlocked, one by one the outsiders entered. Some ragged urchins peeped through the wire network of the screen, and began to utter coarse gibes at the inoffensive image. "Mayken, Mayken, art thou terrified so soon? Hast thou flown to thy nest so early? Dost thou think thyself beyond the reach of harm? Have a care, Mayken, thine hour is coming fast!"

One of the boys took a stone from his pocket and threw it against the screen. This act gave form to the idea of revenge, which was uppermost in the minds of all.

"Let us destroy these emblems of popery," said one man to his neighbor, pointing to the walls crowded with shrines and images of saints, the elaborate sculptures, and the repository of the Host.

The words flew from lip to lip. "Destroy! Destroy! Vivent les gueulx!" And forthwith the work of destruction began.

A ragged mechanic mounted the pulpit and began a parody on a priest's sermon. Some laughed and applauded, while others cried "Shame! Shame!" A sailor of the old faith rushed after the impious offender and dragged him from the sacred desk. A pistol-shot wounded the sailor in the arm. It was apparent that elements of a more dangerous kind were close at hand. A taper vender's wares were upset and destroyed, the holy water was polluted, while missiles of various kinds were levelled at the images. As yet no check had been placed upon the movements of the mob.

As soon as Dr. Chenoweth realized the state of affairs, he hurried to the house of Burgomaster Van Straalen and begged him to interfere. "A hundred resolute men can easily disperse yonder image-breakers," said the doctor.

The frightened magistrate consented to accompany the doctor to the cathedral. In the crowd were many intoxicated roughs, who, inflamed with

liquor and excitement, urged on their fellows with cries like these:

"Down with the priests! Liberty forever! Long live the Beggars!"

"I believe, Dr. Chenoweth, that these are your allies," said the Burgomaster, with cutting irony.

"This lawless mob does not represent Protestantism," replied the doctor, a flush of shame rising to his cheeks at the taunt. "Where there is wheat growing, there is always chaff. You surely would not condemn all Protestants because of the defection of a few!"

"The Burgomaster replied coldly: "These fellows call themselves Protestants. See what they are doing? They are destroying the work of centuries. You cannot blame me for being suspicious of a cause which allows such excesses to be permitted in its name. Good day!"

A furious tumult was now in progress. The Margrave of Antwerp, John Van Immerzeel, the highest executive in Antwerp, accompanied by the Senators and the Burgomaster, now marched in a body to the cathedral expecting to awe the iconoclasts by their august presence. But their expectations were not realized. The crowd declared that they would not leave the church until after vespers. When informed that there would be no vespers that evening, missiles began to fly in dangerous proximity to these officers of justice.

"Look at these brave heresy hunters!" jeered the mob as the thoroughly frightened magistrates beat a hasty retreat, leaving the image-breakers in possession of the field.

The work of destruction now began in earnest. Costly paintings were cut in pieces; the golden vessels on the altar were thrown down and battered; the elegantly embroidered altar-robe was rent asunder and wound about the shoulders of a low wanton, who wreathed the diamond necklace of the Virgin in her dishevelled hair. The exquisitely toned organ was hewn in pieces, while the sacramental wine was passed in golden goblets from lip to lip.

The civil authorities were paralyzed with fear. They either could not or would not interfere. Before the morning sun shone again thirty churches within the city limits had been sacked, while every image of the Virgin, every crucifix, and every sculptured saint were hewn in pieces. Many monasteries and nunneries were entered, their valuable libraries, altars and pictures destroyed, and the occupants of these retreats were driven out into the summer night.

For two more days and nights the fury of the mob was unappeased, and the churches, chapels, and convents in the immediate vicinity of Antwerp were despoiled: not for plunder, for no one carried away any of the treasures, but for revenge,

which is one of the bitter fruits of tyranny. The reformed preachers were as powerless to check the tumult as the Catholics. The mob recognized no authority but its own, and they gave the rein to their ungoverned passions.

Unfortunately for the cause of Protestantism, these turbulent and destructive elements of the city were for a time partisans of the " New Gospel." The cause of the Reformation received a blow which retarded its progress for years, and which gave the enemies of the Reformed faith just cause for indignation. The record of this riot at Antwerp was the one dark stain on the banner of Protestantism in the Netherlands. Yet not a drop of blood was shed, not a human being seriously injured, not an article of treasure stolen, not a single church razed to the ground. It was simply a frenzy against images which symbolized to the Protestants inquisitorial tortures.

But the day of retribution was near. A Nemesis swift and relentless was approaching. These seven days and nights of image-breaking were the prelude of years of horror and bloodshed.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BURGOMASTER'S PROMISE.

WHILE events of such moment were transpiring in Antwerp, Conrad Chenoweth was busily employed in the interests of the Prince of Orange. As a panacea for a troubled mind, he had flung himself heart and soul into his work, and with a resolute hand he had put away the thought of Hilvardine Van Straalen. The young advocate had a sense of honor unusual for this age. Other young men would have considered it right to steal the girl from her father's house, but Conrad Chenoweth would never ask any woman to become his wife without honorably gaining the consent of her parents.

One evening business matters called him abroad at a late hour. The streets of Brussels were practically deserted.

When the advocate had transacted his business, he returned to his rooms by the broad thoroughfare which led him past the regent's palace and the stately cathedral. It has been said that the "flippant tread of Fate doth leave no print upon the

sand to mark her passage, nor doth she sound a note of warning, that the waiting hand may grasp her garments as she flies." Conrad was no believer in blind fate. He believed in the providence of God. It was to this same overruling Power that he attributed a discovery which was to change the whole tenor of his life. As he neared the House of the Jesuits, the form of a priest appeared. Conrad had no difficulty in recognizing the stately tread of Monseigneur Ryder. As the priest drew his handkerchief from his pocket a slight puff of wind brought a paper and laid it directly at the feet of the advocate. The latter picked it up and thrust it into his pocket.

On reaching his room Conrad drew the slip of paper from its resting-place and read the writing thereon. A look of consternation passed over his face, succeeded by one of horror. The paper contained the following memoranda:

"The persons herein mentioned to be arrested: (Antwerp) Louis de Heer, a cloth merchant.

"Father Linden, a priest at the Church of the Nativity.

"Mary and Joanna Mander, domestics in the family of Louis Van Hutten.

"Hilvardine Van Straalen, daughter of the Burgomaster, Anthony Van Straalen.

"After nightfall. Between the hours of eight and eleven."

For one brief moment Conrad sat as if paralyzed. Hilvardine was in danger. The spies of the Inquisition were on her track. Then the Name, the one sacred name, which rises to all human lips in moments of supreme agony, broke from his lips in a wail of anguish.

"God in heaven, let this infamous plot fail. Let me rescue this maiden, who is as dear to me as my own soul, from these human vultures."

The young man began to make arrangements to reach Antwerp as speedily as possible. He left a note for the Prince informing him of his sudden departure, and then hastily prepared himself for the journey. He went to the Royal Sword, hired a swift horse, and several hours before daybreak found him on the road to Antwerp. He paused in his journey only long enough to secure a lunch and a fresh horse.

The day was well advanced when he reached Antwerp. He noticed the havoc which had been made by the rioters, although the streets were now quiet, but he hardly gave the matter a thought. Should he reach the Burgomaster's house in time to give them warning, or would he be too late? The young advocate rode at such a reckless pace that people stared at him. One or two myrmidons of the law ordered him to stop, but he heeded them not. The dust flew, and the smoking flanks of his horse bore evidence of mad haste. Conrad Cheno-

weth swerved not to the right hand nor the left, nor slackened his speed, but rode straight on until the Burgomaster's house was reached. He sprang from the saddle, tethered his beast hastily at the gate and rushed up the steps to the door. He rang the bell with such vigor that the butler appeared with a frightened face.

Pushing the servant aside, Conrad rushed into the Burgomaster's sitting-room unannounced. Madam Van Straalen had been weeping, and the magistrate looked old and worn.

"Where is Hilvardine?" demanded the young man.

The Burgomaster arose and eyed the young advocate a moment in stern silence. Then he said: "And I ask you, Conrad Chenoweth, where is my daughter?"

"Your daughter, Heer Burgomaster? I know not where she is! Oh, am I too late?"

"My daughter disappeared mysteriously last evening," replied the Burgomaster.

"Perhaps this piece of paper will throw some light on the subject," said the young man, handing the Burgomaster the memoranda which he had found in the street of Brussels.

"Holy Virgin!" cried the father in distress. "My child is in the clutches of the Inquisition." He leaned his head on his hand and sobs shook his great frame. It was an agonizing thing to witness

this man's sorrow. A woman sheds tears easily. But a man's tears—and such a hard, cold man as Anthony Van Straalen—such tears were like drops of the heart's blood.

"Is your daughter formally betrothed to Chancellor Maas?" asked the young advocate.

"No! Hilvardine was so uncivil to him that he left her in a rage, vowing vengeance. I expect her disappearance is some of his work."

"Heer Burgomaster, I will leave no stone unturned in order to rescue Hilvardine from her enemies," said the young man, in a broken voice.

"God bless you for your words!" said Madam, with streaming eyes.

"Heer Chenoweth," said the magistrate, thoroughly subdued by his sorrow, "if you will only bring my beloved daughter back to my arms, she shall be your wife. Forgive me the harsh words I have used to you in days past."

Conrad caught the outstretched hand and wrung it. "If need be," he said, "I will give my life to rescue your daughter."

"Your words are brave," said the Burgomaster in his accustomed tones, "but deeds go farther. Lose no time, I beg of you, but hasten on your mission. You will have to work slowly and cautiously, for you have wily foes to deal with, and your attachment to my daughter is known."

Conrad rode to his father's house, feeling sadly

in need of the strength and counsel of his parents. He was surprised at the stillness and deserted appearance of the place. The door to the kitchen stood open, but the servants were gone. Only old Lysken remained, a look of terror on her usually placid face.

"What has happened?" inquired Conrad.

"Did you not notice the King's seal over the door?" answered the nurse. "The Familiars came here last night, searched the house, and removed all your father's private papers. The good doctor was betrayed into the hands of the Inquisition by that scoundrel Maurits, who has been seen prowling about the premises. My master is lodged in prison. Alas!" she wailed, "we shall never see his kind face again!"

"My mother," said the young man hoarsely. "Where is she?"

Lysken pointed to the door of Madam Chenoweth's chamber in silence.

Conrad knocked gently, and then entered the room. His mother sat with little Elizabeth clasped in her arms, her eyes closed and her lips moving as if in prayer. The lonely vigil of the night which had just gone, had in it for Agatha Chenoweth the supreme anguish of death. Love has its Gethsemane as well as its Mount of Transfiguration. But the strong faith of this woman had sustained her even in this trying hour.

"Mother!" said Conrad. The sad eyes opened, and Madam drew her son down to her and kissed him tenderly.

"It is all right, my son," she said, with quivering lips and eyes which were dim with gathering tears. "The Lord loveth whom He chasteneth. He doeth all things well."

"It is not right, it is not just," said Conrad passionately. "Father in prison and Hilvardine in the hands of the Inquisition, and the whole body of reformed Christians throughout the Netherlands persecuted and killed! If we believe that the Protestants are indeed the Almighty's chosen ones, it is passing strange that He gives the victory to the enemies of that faith. It is enough to make one doubt God's goodness."

"Speak not thus, my son," said his mother. "Your tongue has led you perilously near to blasphemy. God's ways are indeed inscrutable, but they are always goodness and mercy to them that fear His name. Yes, I believe it," she added, "whatever the Lord of Hosts permits is right. But you are sadly in need of rest and refreshments. Go and eat the evening meal which Lysken has prepared, and then try and sleep. To-morrow things will look clearer and we can plan for the future."

Conrad obeyed, but he could not swallow food. He cast himself on a couch, thinking to rest, but not to sleep. Healthy youth knows not how to

watch, even in moments of great stress, and soon his heavy breathing told his mother that slumber had locked his senses in a merciful oblivion.

Madam Chenoweth could not sleep. At length her forced calmness gave way, and outraged nature found its natural vent. Laying her head on the table, she burst into tears. Sobs shook her frame, and between her gasps for breath she cried aloud to Him on whom her soul leaned for support. "Lord, Lord, I am poor and needy. Hear the voice of my supplication. Out of the depths do I cry unto Thee. Hasten Thou to deliver me!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHAT THE STARS SAW AT OOSTERWEEL.

In the royal palace at Brussels all was confusion and uproar. The news of the riot at Antwerp had reached the capital, and wildly exaggerated reports flew from mouth to mouth, until the truth was lost in a mass of error. It was stated to the Regent that the provinces of Hainault, Flanders and Artois had been laid waste, and that a large army of Protestants was already marching to Brussels to demand restitution.

"My life is not safe for a moment here," said the Regent as she paced the floor of her room half insane with terror. "Troops, troops, gentlemen! Give me troops, that I may exact blood for blood from these scurrilous miscreants!" she entreated the members of the State Council. It was in vain that her advisers tried to pacify the thoroughly frightened woman.

That very night, Viglius, the president of the Council, forced his way into the Regent's chamber, where he found the royal lady dressed in her trav-

elling suit, and with all preparations made for a clandestine departure from Brussels.

"Your Highness," said the aged Frisian sternly, "you have lost your presence of mind. You cannot be permitted to leave the government in the hands of a disorderly mob."

"What do you mean," cried the angry woman, "by giving me commands? I shall not remain here another hour. My life is in danger."

"You will not stir one step from this palace," replied Viglius, respectfully but firmly.

Finding all appeals to reason unavailing, the stanch old man said decidedly: "Your Highness shall not be permitted to disgrace herself and the State by such an act of cowardice. If you forsake the post of duty which the King entrusted to your hands, I will treat you as a rebel of his Majesty, and will cause troops to be led against you."

These forcible words restored the hysterical woman to her senses, and she remained that night at the palace. The next morning she sent for the members of the State Council to assemble. The Prince of Orange had returned, in answer to the despatches which had been sent him earlier.

The Regent saluted the Prince with a scant show of courtesy.

"This riot is the result of your gentle measures," she said, tauntingly.

"Nay, your Highness. It is because you did not

heed my counsel, but chose to adopt those rigorous measures, that this outbreak has occurred. You will kindly remember that I gave you fair warning."

"Yes, yes!" said the wily woman, changing her tactics. "You gave us good advice. Would that we had heeded it. Now, my kind friend and counsellor, will you hasten at once to Antwerp and calm these rioters. If Antwerp rebels, the government is lost."

"The government, I trust, rests on a firmer foundation," replied the Prince. "The rebellion of Antwerp ought not to mean the downfall of the government. Nevertheless, I will at once depart to do your bidding."

The Prince was not deceived by Margaret's dissimulation. He had means at his command by which the Regent's letters were opened before they reached Madrid. Philip's replies were subjected to the same system of espionage. William was aware that the Regent was his enemy, yet he proceeded to Antwerp at her request. But it was for the last time. He found that Brederode, "the Beggar Prince," had incited the people to an armed resistance, and a force of thirteen hundred men, commanded by Thoulouse, was organized and equipped. Orange ordered the soldiers either to disband or to encamp outside the city. They chose the latter alternative, and set up their camp at Oosterweel.

Party feeling between the Catholics and Protestants was running high. To quiet the tumult and to restore peace was the mission of the Silent Prince.

The true version of the riot had at length reached Brussels. When the Regent comprehended that it was but a handful of malcontents that she had to reckon with, she roused her energies and sent Philip de Lanoy with a thousand picked veterans to crush the rebels.

The army which young Thoulouse commanded was not one to excite the admiration of any one possessed with a knowledge of military tactics. It was almost entirely composed of the turbulent elements of Antwerp and the surrounding districts, "beggars," in deed and truth.

The youthful commander sat in the front room of a country house, which served as his headquarters, reading, when de Lanoy, at the head of the Regent's army, marched against Oosterweel. Half of his forces were absent on marauding expeditions, and the remainder were scattered about, wholly unconscious of danger.

Thoulouse was an ardent Protestant, and wholly devoted to this cause. He felt that the last step of the followers of this cause had been over a precipice. None regretted the actions of the iconoclasts more than he, yet he remained stanch to the faith and resolved to defend it to the death. Wind and

tide might be against him, but Thoulouse never dreamed of deserting his colors.

A loud noise in the distance attracted his attention. Two soldiers ran into the commander's presence with the joyful announcement, "The Beggar Prince is coming! Our friends are in sight!"

Thoulouse looked at the advancing host. There were no banners visible, and there was nothing to indicate that they were other than Count Brederode's auxiliaries, whom he had agreed to send from Holland. Great joy prevailed in the camp at Oosterweel. "Allies are coming! Our victory is assured!" the soldiers shouted joyously.

Only for a brief moment were they deluded. The advancing host unfurled its standards, and Spanish colors fluttered in the breeze! Trumpets sounded the assault. On the still morning air rang out the fierce battle-cry: "Santiago! Santiago! Sancta Maria! On to victory!" And down the low hill swept the Spanish cavalry like a wave of destruction.

Fear made cowards of the undisciplined rebels. Like frightened sheep, a part of them obeyed the instinctive desire to flee the danger, even though flight was the one thing which would aggravate their peril.

Thoulouse, with wonderful presence of mind, gathered the remnant of his force together and called out to the fugitives to keep within the shel-

ter of the forts, and to reserve their fire until the enemy came within close range. He might just as well have advised the winds, as to have issued commands to that terrified host. They fired at random, and then fled precipitately. There was no shelter open to them. On the one side were the gates of Antwerp inexorably closed. On the other side was the Catholic army, which was loyal to the Spanish King. The result was a wholesale massacre. Only about the person of Thoulouse, who was surrounded by a hundred intrepid soldiers, was there the semblance of a battle.

Bravely did this little band defend themselves against unequal odds.

"Will not the Prince of Orange send us help?" asked one of the soldiers of Thoulouse.

"No, my men. The Prince has never regarded the 'beggar movement' favorably. Death is before us, and every man of you must make up his mind to die."

A sigh escaped his lips. He was young, only twenty years of age, and life was sweet. He had left a beautiful young wife in Antwerp,—cruel Antwerp, that would not send succor in his extremity. But he levelled his musket without a tremor, and his unerring aim proved that his nerves were steady.

These rough beggars were thoroughly sobered

at the prospect. The near approach of death inspired them with solemn emotions. The goal was death, they knew it; but death on the battle-field was preferable to death at the hands of the executioner. To their honor, be it said, they uttered no idle complaints, but each man grasped his weapon with the energy of despair.

The issue of this unequal warfare is well known. History tells us that it was a cruel traffic in human blood.

Sunset came. The western sky above the hill was broken into rifts. Crimson lights ran up into the sky, pierced the walls of purple cloud, and cast a blood-red glow upon the clouds overhead. Amid the glow of the sunset fires another lurid light mingled. It was the flames of the country-house where the commander of the rebel forces had made his headquarters. Rather than be taken alive, Thoulouse and a few survivors had entered the house and fired it.

"Better perish in the flames than under the axe," said the blood-stained commander as he stood for a moment by the window and surveyed the scene. Columns of flame and smoke hid his face from view. Only his half-charred body fell into the hands of the government.

The night winds whispered an awful secret. "Alva is coming! Alva is coming!" they said.

Truly the time was ripe for Alva to come. The hand of tyranny had this day struck a fatal blow, and the name of Alva was soon to become a "terror-breeding watchword" throughout the length and breadth of the Netherlands.

CHAPTER XIX.

HERO OR COWARD?

ANTWERP was in a frightful tumult when the noise of battle proclaimed the fact that the valiant band of Protestants had been betrayed. Conrad Chenoweth, feeling that his first duty was in Antwerp caring for his mother, became identified with the crowd that watched the progress of the conflict from the walls of the city.

Prominent upon this coign of vantage was the young wife of Marnix Thoulouse. With pale face and tearless eyes she followed the movements of one beloved form. She listened to the commands which rang out clear and incisive from that beloved voice. When she saw him pressed on all sides and menaced with death, she became like one distraught. Running wildly from street to street, she besought the burghers to help her husband.

The sympathies of a large part of the citizens were with the young wife of Thoulouse, and in a short time ten thousand men were assembled, armed with axes, pikes, arquebuses and any implement which could be obtained on the spur of the

moment. This band marched at once to the Red Gate.

The Prince of Orange, anticipating some such movement, reached the Gate before the armed but undisciplined band of citizens.

"No one passes out the Red Gate!" was his imperative command. "Men of Antwerp, listen to me! Will you thus recklessly sacrifice your lives? You do not know what you are asking when you demand that yonder gate be opened. Outside is a body of veterans, trained in military tactics, disciplined to act as one man. You are nothing but raw recruits. I will not let you go forth to be slaughtered in cold blood."

"Fool! Traitor! Die where you stand, miscreant that you are!" and a loaded arquebusque was levelled at the breast of the Prince. Conrad Chenoweth sprang forward and knocked the weapon from the man's hand.

"Shame! Shame!" cried many of the citizens who were still loyal to Orange. The burghers recognized the wisdom of William's temperate and reasonable words, and all but five hundred acceded to his wishes, and remained within the city. The foolhardy band who dashed out of the gates returned in a few moments only too glad to seek safety within the friendly walls. The only effect which their effort to help Thoulouse had upon the enemy was to hasten the death of three hundred

prisoners whom they had taken. Expecting the battle about to be renewed, and having no means to guard the prisoners, they were deliberately shot.

The news of the complete massacre of Thoulouse's army caused the most intense excitement. The Protestants had been betrayed! By whom? By some Catholic, of course! "Death to the Catholics!" said stern lips.

The young wife of Thoulouse realizing that she was a widow, went about moaning in her anguish, "O, why did you not save my husband, my brave, my beautiful one?"

The Prince of Orange rode to the place where the new-made widow was sobbing and wringing her hands. He laid his hand tenderly on the bowed head.

"Ask him your question, Madam Thoulouse," said a burgher, pointing to the Prince. "Ask that man why he refused to open yonder gate, when ten thousand of us were ready to go to your husband's relief. Yes, I say," he shouted angrily, "ask that great reformer, that pretended adherent of the Protestant faith, why he kept within the city and let three thousand of his brethren seal their faith with their heart's blood."

The young widow lifted her tear-gemmed eyes, and gazed reproachfully at the Silent Prince. An immense crowd had gathered meantime. Another riot was imminent. The faces of the men were hard

and bitter, and ever and anon rose on the breeze a sound like the roar of an angry sea. "Death to the Catholics!" and the words were no meaningless threat.

Every eye was fixed on the Prince. He raised his hand and all kept silence.

"Lower your weapons!"

Every man obeyed involuntarily.

"Citizens, Protestants, what are you contemplating? Has not enough blood been shed, that you threaten to spill that of thousands more of your fellow countrymen? Does your gospel teach you an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth? Are you the followers of Him who said, 'Bless and curse not'? In what, pray, are you better than those with whom you contend?"

"Coward!" hissed one. "Traitor!" yelled another. "Would you sacrifice us as you did our brethren at Oosterweel?" demanded a third.

The excitement grew intense. One man, shaking with rage, seized the bridle of the horse on which the Prince rode. "Where is my son?" he cried. "Where is my daughter's lover?" A stern voice close at his elbow called out in clear tones: "Prince William, account to us for our dead at Ooserweel, or your life shall answer for yesterday."

A dozen pikes were levelled at the breast of Orange, and to-day no arm was raised to defend him. Alone he stood facing thousands of infuriated men.

His face was deathly pale and his lips trembled, but it was not with fear.

"Burghers," said the Prince, "I will reply to your first accusation as to why I permitted the slaughter of yesterday to go unavenged. As to the threat upon my life, I can say nothing. There are thousands of you. I am alone!"

The proud dignity and quiet words of William of Orange were more cogent than a sublime oration. The crowd began to look shamefaced. They knew that the Prince was no coward. He was calm, even though he knew the mob was capable of tearing him in pieces. But they were not yet fully satisfied.

"Prove your statement!" shouted one.

"Deeds, we want deeds!" said another.

"Citizens," said William, "do you think it cost me nothing to sacrifice the brother of one of my dearest friends, one who was dear to me for his own sake, and to feel compelled to disappoint his confidence? To be sure, you might have sallied forth, and perhaps have rescued Thoulouse and his men, and defeated the government troops. But at what a cost! The city of Antwerp would immediately have been subjected to all the horrors of civil war. From that fate you were saved yesterday. Was that the act of a traitor? Furthermore," he added, "so long as I have a voice to advise, and an arm to deter you, not a man shall draw a weapon

upon one of his fellow citizens; within Antwerp no fratricide shall be committed until that weapon shall first have pierced my heart."

Again the mob recognized the voice of its master. William of Orange must have possessed that which we call "authority" in his face and speech, that alone and unarmed he could awe that bloodthirsty throng. They recognized that this courageous man was in the right. At least, if he risked the lives of others, he was equally ready to risk his own.

"Long live the Prince of Orange!" cried the fickle populace.

"My children," said William persuasively, "disband and go to your homes."

And the citizens of Antwerp obeyed, and peace was secured.

CHAPTER XX.

A CANCELLED DEBT.

"I AM sorry, Heer Chenoweth, that I can do nothing to secure your father's release," said the Prince of Orange to the young advocate after the tumult had subsided and terms of peace had been accepted. "If your father had been arrested for some civil offence, I could assist you. But unfortunately he is a prisoner of the Inquisition, and to attempt to interfere with this authority would mean angering the Catholics and renewing the strife. It would take but a spark to fan the flame of discord into a mighty conflagration. To-morrow I shall be an outlawed rebel. I have refused to take the Regent's test oath of loyalty, and leave the Netherlands to-day for my estates in Germany."

Conrad bade his friend and patron farewell with regret, and with a sad heart returned to inform his mother of the failure of his mission.

Concerning these days of darkness and anguish we will keep reverent silence. Each disciple is sooner or later called to keep vigil with his Master,

by the bedside of the sick or dying, or on the battlefield or in lonely exile, or beside the prison gate. To each trembling child of sorrow has Jesus repeated the same compassionate saying: "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."

One afternoon, as Madam Chenoweth sat with her little daughter, a shadow darkened the doorway. Glancing up, she saw a priest of the Order of Jesus. An involuntary cry escaped her lips, and her face grew a shade paler.

A bitter smile crossed the Jesuit's face as he said: "I must, indeed, be sadly changed if Madam Chenoweth shrinks from me in fear. Has not Mistress Van Cortlandt a place for me in her heart? or am I totally forgotten?"

The priest cast aside his cowl, and stood where the light from the window shone full upon his face.

"Louis Van Steen!" gasped Madam, a new and terrible fear clutching at her heart.

"Ah, Madam, I am glad your memory has not played you false. Yes, Louis Van Steen stands before you, but it is not the same wild, impetuous youth who so passionately sued for your love, and who cherished the rose which you discarded as if it had dropped straight from Paradise. It is not your playmate and your lover who stands before you now, but a man who has learned in the school of discipline to estimate feelings at their true value. How is it with you, Madam Chenoweth? Has

your marriage with that penniless Protestant proved a failure?"

Madam Chenoweth arose, her queenly form drawn to its full height, and her face glowing with scorn and indignation.

"A failure, Louis Van Steen? Know you that to-day John Chenoweth is dearer to me than aught else save my love to Christ and my hope of heaven. I have been honored above women by his choice. I have tasted the sweetest cup of earthly joy by his side." Then, fearing that she had said too much, and not wishing to anger the man before her, she added, "The playmate of my childhood had ever a kind, generous heart. I cannot believe that he has come to-day simply to taunt me in my grief and loneliness."

"You are right, Madam. I have a mission to perform, which I had well-nigh forgotten, in the overwhelming tide of reminiscences which swept over me when I saw your face. You are little changed from the Mistress Van Cortlandt of other days, save as the promise of youth has been gloriously fulfilled. It is not wise for me to dwell upon the past. But there is one more circumstance which I should like to recall to your mind. When that ardent youth, Louis Van Steen, realized that he was rejected by Mistress Van Cortlandt, thinking in his blind infatuation that nothing stood in the way of his acceptance but the difference in faith,

he decided to become a heretic, and to cast aside the ancient and revered faith of his fathers. Then, when he besought you on his knees to accept this impious sacrifice, and grant him favor, you utterly refused to let this rash youth perjure himself. I have to thank you to-day for saving my soul from eternal death. The day that you became the wife of Dr. Chenoweth I entered the school for novitiates in Brussels, and in process of time became a Brother of the Society of Jesus. All these years I have blessed you for your decision, and never have I omitted to remember your name in my prayers from that day to this, beseeching God to open your eyes, that you might be brought to a saving knowledge of the truth before it is forever too late."

There was no doubt as to the sincerity of the priest. His countenance showed that he was terribly in earnest. Madam Chenoweth gazed upon that noble face, almost transparent in its color, and she said to herself, "Poor Louis! And this is what the cloister has made of you!" Aloud she said, "I thank you, my friend, for your kindness, but my faith is as dear to me as yours is to you. Nothing will ever alter my convictions."

The priest sighed. Then he said, "I have long desired to cancel my obligation to you. It is now possible for me to do it. I have learned that both you and your son have been denied admittance to the prison where your husband is incarcerated. I

can procure this favor for you. Come to-night to the chapel which adjoins the prison and I will conduct you to your husband."

"I thank you, Louis, more than I can express—but—" Madam Chenoweth hesitated and glanced at Elizabeth. Was this not some net to ensnare her and her children? She must not accept favors from any Jesuit blindly.

"But what, Madam?" said the priest, a frown gathering between his brows. "Why do you hesitate? Do you not trust me?"

"Will my child be safe, and shall I be allowed to return when the tryst is over?" inquired the anxious mother.

The priest seemed to be aware of the child's presence for the first time. The little face under its nimbus of golden hair was almost ethereal in its delicacy.

"Father Ryder would account me guilty of mortal sin to neglect such an opportunity," muttered the priest to himself. "But no, I cannot do it. It is her baby."

Then Father Steen fixed his sad, unrestful look on Madam Chenoweth.

"Fear not," he said, "either for yourself or your child. I cannot find it in my heart to rob you of a single hair of yonder golden head. As far as I know, you are both safe for to-night. But after

to-day I cannot assure you. It were better for you to leave Antwerp for the present."

Madam Chenoweth still hesitated. "You refuse to trust me!" exclaimed the priest. The color rushed to his pale cheeks, which demonstrated that the passionate spirit within was not wholly subdued. "Very well! I can do no more to satisfy your fears than to give you my simple word," and he turned to go.

"Wait, Louis, one moment, I entreat you," said Madam. "I do not distrust you, but your Order. You have just given me your word of honor. Tell me, is it the word of honor of a Jesuit, or a Flemish gentleman?"

Their eyes met. There was no hesitancy in the priest's answer.

"A Flemish gentleman addresses you, Madam."

"Thank you, Louis. My last fear is laid to rest. Most gratefully do I accept your boon."

Father Steen encountered Conrad Chenoweth as he was passing out of the house, and he stopped a moment to warn him of impending danger.

"I did not dare to let your mother know the extent of the peril she was in, but another sunrise must not find her and the little child in Antwerp."

"Our plans are all laid for an immediate departure," said the advocate. "I thank you for your generous act."

"The indebtedness is still on my side," returned

"IS IT THE WORD OF HONOR OF A JESUIT, OR A FLEMISH GENTLEMAN?"
Page 154.

the priest. "Perhaps you are not aware that your movements are closely watched. You have enemies in high places. I should advise you to leave this section at once. But if you choose to remain, see to it that you are so cleverly disguised that your mother would not recognize you. Farewell."

Promptly at the hour of eight the young advocate escorted his mother to the chapel confessional of the church of Notre Dame. There was a dim light burning, but no one was awaiting them. A sickening fear crept over Madam Chenoweth. Was her great love to be the snare which should entrap her and those she held so dear? She began to doubt Louis Van Steen's word, in spite of his pledges and solemn asseverations.

"It shall go hard with that priest if he has broken faith with us," said Conrad.

Just then the door from the church opened and Father Steen appeared. One glance at the anxious faces before him revealed to the one who was accustomed to read men's minds like a printed page their doubts.

A scornful smile curved his lips. "You see, Madam, that even a Jesuit is not destitute of honor," he said, with cutting irony. "Heer Chenoweth, it will be safer for you to wait outside the building. In precisely one hour I will bring your mother to you. I have prepared Dr. Chenoweth

for this visit. Madam will be so good as to follow me."

Taking a lighted candle the priest led the way through the chapel, then down a flight of stairs, through devious dimly lighted passages until the cell of Dr. Chenoweth was reached. Unlocking the door he set the candle down on a stone table and withdrew, bolting the door after him. He paused a moment outside.

"My love! My love!" sounded a woman's voice, in such sweet tones of passionate longing that it wrung his heart, not with rapture, but with the pang of unrequited affection. The priest fled precipitately, nor paused until he had reached the chapel and cast himself on his knees before the crucifix, to wrestle in bitter anguish of soul.

"Agatha, my precious wife!" said Dr. Chenoweth.

Bright grew the darkness around them, lighted by the unquenchable fire of human affection. They were together. All else for the time being was forgotten. The doctor was the first to rouse himself from this blissful reality. "The moments are flying, my wife, and I have much to say to you. God helping our endeavors, I expect to escape to-night."

"To-night?" echoed his wife, in joyous tones.

"Yes, my love. The under-jailer, a secret follower of the Reformed religion, is going to assist

me to escape, and will accompany me to Germany, where we hope to be able to assist the Prince of Orange in his preparations to defend the Netherlands. After my departure my family will be in great danger. You must leave Antwerp to-night."

"That matter is all arranged, John. Nicholas Mander has agreed to escort us to Friesland, where Lysken's brother lives. Lysken assures me that he will gladly give us shelter for a time. You can safely trust us to the care of Nicholas Mander. He is thoroughly devoted to your interests. Conrad will try and rescue Hilvardine Van Straalen from the hands of the Inquisition, and at the same time he will be loyal to the interests of the Prince. From his post in Brussels he may be able to give the exiled William much valuable information regarding the situation of affairs."

"A great weight is removed by your words, Agatha. Friesland is the nearest point to Germany, and I can send letters to you quite easily. There is comparatively little danger to be encountered in travelling from one end of the Netherlands to the other. Only the seaports are guarded. You must be well on your journey before sunrise. Now, my beloved wife, let us commit ourselves and our interests to God's care." They both knelt with clasped hands, while the doctor uttered a simple but earnest petition.

A tap on the door warned them that the hour had expired.

"My love, we are in God's hands, whether for life or for death. Let us trust Him," whispered the doctor, as he kissed the lips which were quivering with anguish.

Father Steen looked at Agatha Chenoweth's face as she came out of that dungeon with astonishment and feelings akin to awe. On that grandly beautiful face was the light of love, of resignation, and of high resolve. It was as if she had had a glimpse of a beatific vision, instead of a noisome cell—perchance an open grave!

To this weary devotee of the Church, striving but never achieving, seeking peace and finding unrest; to this man, who considered love a crime and joy an unpardonable sin, this look was a revelation. It showed him heights of Christian attainment which he had never scaled.

In silence the two retraced their steps to the chapel door. In the shadow was Conrad Chenoweth. The priest took Madam's hand a moment and pressed it gently.

"I have redeemed my pledge as a Flemish gentleman," he said, placing the hand within Conrad's arms. "I shall never permit myself to look upon your face again. Farewell." Nor did he pause to listen to the broken words of thanks which fell from Madam's lips.

The short summer night wore away. Upon the deep purple sky myriad stars flashed like gems. There was no sound on the perfumed air save the whispering of the trees, as they told their secrets to the night winds. The city slumbered in silence. Now and then a falling star flashed into space and then disappeared, leaving no trace behind,—a type of the lives of many of the citizens of Antwerp which the reign of Alva would eclipse. But Venus shone with a clear, steady light upon two bands of fugitives, who left the city that night in safety. They were Dr. Chenoweth and the under-jailer, who sailed swiftly down the river Scheldt, and Madam Chenoweth, her child and old Lysken, under the leadership of honest Nicholas Mander.

Conrad Chenoweth, disguised as an old peasant, was en route for Brussels, intent on finding the Burgomaster's daughter.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FLAME SCORCHES.

KATHARINE LA TOUR had now been three months in her new home, and she was charmed with her surroundings. To one whose life had been stormy, the quiet and seclusion of the convent were very grateful. She even sighed at the thought of leaving this haven of rest and once more mingling in the gayeties of the world.

She was of a temperament to which the ritual of the Roman Catholic Church strongly appealed. Whenever she entered one of the old cathedrals, an invisible spell held her senses. The ever-burning lamps, the grand, deep-toned music, the shrines which affection had dedicated to the dear departed, the mass which the priest recited daily and which broke the terrible silence between the living and the dead—all these influences seemed to deepen the enchantment which lulled her doubts to repose.

Monseigneur Ryder had superintended her instruction in the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, and he had the satisfaction of knowing that his charge was convinced that she had found the

true faith. He placed in her hands only those books which would tend to deepen the ardor and inspire the reverence of a noble nature: books written by saints and martyrs, and the early fathers of the Church. He met and answered all her queries, and spun clever syllogisms, which seemed perfectly reasonable to his listener. The girl was young, ignorant, trustful. She had learned to look with reverence upon this holy father who took such a kind interest in her spiritual welfare, and to her innocent mind his word was both law and gospel.

The society of the convent was very congenial. Many of the nuns were daughters of noble houses, and were educated, refined gentlewomen. Katharine was completely under the influence of the Lady Abbess, and regarded her with loving admiration. She was thrown intentionally into the society of two of the Sisters: Sister Constance and Sister Theresa. Sister Constance was an accomplished musician, and Katharine, being endowed with musical abilities of a high order, gladly availed herself of the nun's instruction. Sister Theresa was the "Saint" of the convent, the one who could dream dreams and see visions. She was ordered to deepen the spiritual significance of Monseigneur Ryder's instructions, and to converse daily with the young guest on matters which pertained to the faith and requirements of the Church.

The Abbess requested the Superior of the House

of the Jesuits to step into her room one morning as he was about to leave the convent, after having made his daily visit to his young charge.

"Julius," she said, "you must go more slowly or you will spoil everything by haste. The girl was frightened the other day by your looks and your familiar mode of address. Positively, you wear your heart on your sleeve."

"How long is it, fair cousin, since you were appointed my confessor?" returned the Superior angrily. "I know what I am about. And Agnes, if for a moment you think I am smitten by *la grande passion*, you are mistaken. The difference in our ages ought to teach you that I regard Katharine La Tour as a father might regard his young daughter."

"Excuse me," said the Abbess, laughing. "I perceive that I have made a mistake! A fatherly interest! That is very good, Julius. However, it is no business of mine. Only heed my warning if you wish the girl to take the veil willingly."

After the Superior reached the privacy of his own room, he sat down and faced the problem which his cousin had propounded. Was he, Monseigneur Ryder, the cold, unimpressionable Superior of the House of the Jesuits, the cynic, in love? He scoffed at the idea. But his reason told him plainly that the pleasure he took in the society of Katharine La Tour was not because of the

wealth which he hoped to secure by making her a nun, neither was it the unselfish affection which the thought of snatching a soul from eternal misery would inspire. It was human love which made the sound of her voice linger in his memory like sweet music, and which made her face seem infinitely more attractive than the inanimate representations of life which looked down upon him from the walls.

But the Superior's creed was elastic enough to cover this defection. "And what if I do love this girl?" he mused. "Where is the harm? Have not cardinals, bishops and even popes loved in their day? And was it sin in these holy men? Certainly not! To the pure all things are pure. And assuredly, if I keep my feelings locked within my own breast, no one will be the wiser."

Thus did the Superior quiet his conscience. And daily he repaired to the convent to give the young novice instruction.

One beautiful evening, after vespers, the Lady Abbess invited Katharine to enjoy the view from the roof of the convent. The sun was sinking in the west. The sounds of busy life in the streets below, the tramp of hurrying feet, the bustle and confusion, were strangely at variance with the quiet of the convent.

"I shall be sorry to leave this beautiful spot," said the girl with emotion. "The convent has been like a home to me, and you, reverend Mother, have

lavished loving care and attention upon me without stint. Monseigneur told me this morning that our legal claims were adjusted and that we could depart at our option."

"Have you ever thought, my child, of devoting your life to God in a retreat like this?"

"Yes, reverend Mother, the thought has occurred to me many times since coming here. But tell me, do not those who become nuns ever regret it? Does not the desire to see the world and form human companionship enter the heart and make life miserable?"

"I cannot speak, my child, for other convents, but I do know that not one of the Sisters here would go back to the world, even if such a course were possible. From my own experience I can truly say, that this spot has become the only home I have known." The Abbess did not consider it necessary to add that her haughty spirit had ever rebelled against the limitations of her sphere.

"Look yonder, Katharine. There are discord, strife, turmoil, bitterness of soul. Here are peace, rest, quietness of spirit. Which will you choose, my child?"

The girl was silent. "I am young, reverend Mother, and I fear that I should, by and by, long for the activities of a worldly career," she said at length.

"You would be permitted activity here," replied

the Abbess. "There are the poor and sick to be visited and comforted. Besides, we have schools connected with all our convents, where little children are instructed. I think all the activity that your heart could desire you would find here. Give the matter your prayerful consideration, my child," she said affectionately, as they returned below.

There was one person who regarded Katharine's leanings towards a conventual life with the keenest disapproval, and that was Madame La Tour. Having been informed that the property was secured to herself and daughter, she was anxious to depart. The seclusion and monotonous routine of the place had become inexpressibly tedious. She urged, entreated and commanded her daughter to break away from the snare which was being laid for her feet, and to use her reason and common sense. Katharine was completely under the influence of Monseigneur Ryder and the Lady Abbess. She saw the matter through their eyes. For the first time in her life she refused to obey her mother's commands.

Wearied at length by the controversy and harassed by ill-health, Madame La Tour determined to take her portion of the property and go to England. But before the day arrived for her departure she was dead. She had long been a sufferer from heart trouble, and the disappointments of her life hastened her end.

Such pressure was now brought to bear upon the sorrowing daughter that she readily consented to take the veil and to become a Sister of this Order. Fearing that she might alter her mind after her sorrow for her mother had abated, Monseigneur Ryder shortened the time of her novitiate and bade the girl prepare to take the veil within a few weeks.

To this Katharine gave a willing consent. Without a home, and with no relatives to whom she could apply, it was natural that she should accede to the wishes of those who had professed such a keen interest in her welfare.

CHAPTER XXII.

A FORETASTE OF TERROR.

In the grounds adjoining the barracks at Calais paced a young officer. He had a noble, thoughtful face, just such a face as Rembrandt delighted to portray. He was strongly built but thin of flesh. A nascent force characterized his every movement. To be near him was like coming within the radius of a strong electric current.

There was little to occupy the attention of the garrison in this sleepy old town. Colonel Reynold Van Straalen caught himself in the act of suppressing a yawn.

"Things are growing intolerable," he said to himself. "We shall soon be useless ships if we are always to ride at anchor. Would that I could hear from home."

Some one beckoned to him from the barracks. "There is a stranger who wishes to speak with you," said the guard with a salute.

An elderly man in humble apparel stood before the young officer.

"Colonel Van Straalen does not remember me, I see," said the stranger. "It is no wonder, for I

have grown old so fast these last few years. I am Jacob Vermer, your father's butler."

"You are welcome," said the young man, eagerly grasping the hand of the old servant. "Now I shall hear from my friends. Are they well?"

"This packet will explain everything to you, sir," replied the butler evasively.

Forebodings of evil tidings paled the officer's cheek. Bidding the guard give the butler some refreshments, the young man excused himself and hastened to his own room to peruse the contents of the packet. There were two letters, one from his friend, Conrad Chenoweth, and the other from his father. He read the latter one first. It was as follows:

"*My dear son:*

"When you receive this communication I shall be no more. To-morrow I am to be executed like a common criminal, by the order of Alva's Blood Council. I, the Burgomaster of Antwerp, a loyal citizen and a sincere Catholic, to die like a felon—the thought is intolerable. I had hoped that your service to the State would save me from such a terrible doom, but this is the way Philip rewards his loyal subjects. Your mother died a few weeks ago of a broken heart. Hilvardine has been abducted, and is either in the hands of the ruthless Chancellor of Brabant or in the grasp of the Inquisition.

"My son, return to the Netherlands and avenge the wrongs done to your family. I can write no more. Jacob has promised to see that my last words reach you in safety. I do not wonder now at your Protestant leanings. Were I to live my life over again, I would espouse that cause. God bless you. Farewell.

"ANTHONY VAN STRAALEN."

Reynold Van Straalen let the letter fall from his hands, and sat as if carved out of stone. When the heart is suddenly stricken with a great grief, it is at first stunned into insensibility, and seems scarcely conscious of life. But presently, like a lava torrent, suffering courses through the throbbing arteries, suffering so exquisite that death alone seems capable of affording relief.

The young man bowed his head upon the table, and bitter, scalding tears coursed unchecked down his cheeks—burning tears, every one of which left a scar upon his heart. Mechanically he opened his friend's letter.

"*My dear Reynold:*

"I do not know whether you are aware of the reign of terror which has been instituted since the Iron Duke arrived with the flower of the Spanish army. Death, desolation and panic follow in his wake. He is here for a purpose—to subjugate the

Netherlands. I deeply regret the terrible sorrows which have been laid upon you. Your father executed by Alva, your mother dead, your sister in the hands of enemies. You may not be aware of the fact that your father promised me the hand of your sister in marriage if I would rescue her from her fate. I am searching for Hilvardine day and night, but so far with no success.

"My father was a prisoner of the Inquisition for a short time, but made his escape and fled to Germany. My mother and sister are in Friesland. The Prince of Orange is an outlawed rebel, and is trying to raise an army with which to succor the Netherlands. May God bless his endeavors to save our unhappy country.

"Your devoted friend,

"CONRAD CHENOWETH."

A hasty summons from the commanding officer roused the young man from sad reflections. He found General Berlaymont reading some despatches.

"Van Straalen," he said, "here are some letters for you which were inclosed in one of my father's letters. I was requested that they be delivered to you in safety, as they were important."

Colonel Van Straalen opened one document, which proved to be from the Chancellor of Brabant, and stated that the house owned by the late

Burgomaster, Anthony Van Straalen of Antwerp, had been purchased by a Catholic, who was willing to assume all risks. The heirs to the estate both being heretics, the court had decided that they had forfeited all right to the estate of the said Burgomaster. The personal property of the deceased, which was considerable, would revert by law to the State. This was in substance the contents of the letter.

The other document bore an imposing mitre on the seal. The contents were as follows:

"*To Heer Reynold Van Straalen, Colonel in His Majesty's army, stationed at Calais.*

"SIR: By special indulgence, I have given Mademoiselle La Tour permission to write you for the last time before becoming a nun at the convent of the Sacred Heart at Brussels. She takes the veil in a month. After that ceremony, all her relations with the outside world will cease.

"A servant of Jesus,

"JULIUS RYDER,

"*Superior of the House of the Jesuits at Brussels.*"

"Have you had bad news?" asked General Berlaymont, noticing the officer's agitation.

"Yes," replied his companion, and he briefly related the misfortunes which had befallen him. "I beg you to excuse me from duty to-night."

In the privacy of his own room he examined the letter of Katharine La Tour. It was a reflection of the Superior's letter, telling him of her purpose to become a nun, and relating the circumstances which had led her to make this decision.

"I hope, Reynold," she concluded, "that you will not feel that I have broken faith with you. You are still the dearest earthly friend I now have. Our faiths are so radically different, that it would not be wise for us to wed. I am a sincere Roman Catholic, and you are equally sincere as a Protestant. A husband and wife ought to walk hand in hand the pathway to heaven. So it seemed best for me to break this attachment of my childhood.

"I am happy in my choice of a home. If I could be assured that my act was not giving you a lasting pang, I should sing for joy at the prospect of a life wholly devoted to God. I shall always remember my friend and brother before the throne of grace.

"KATHARINE LA TOUR."

The young man crushed the letter in his hand. "This is madness," he said angrily, "fanaticism run to seed. That wily priest has Katharine wholly under his influence." The next morning Reynold Van Straalen sought his commanding officer.

"I wish to return to Brussels at once to find my sister and to remove her to a place of safety. I herewith resign my commission in the King's army.

Please furnish me with the necessary passports which will enable me to reach the capital in safety."

The superior officer was full of sympathy for his friend. Although the son of Baron Berlaymont, he was tolerant, and he had learned that Protestants made more reliable soldiers than the Catholics.

"Have you friends of influence in Brussels who can assist you?" he inquired.

"I place great hopes on Count Egmont. He has always befriended me since I served under him, and his influence at court is considerable."

"If my father were not a fanatic, he might help you to secure your father's estate, which is legally yours by the ancient law of the land. But why do I speak of him? He regards every heretic as a sworn enemy to the government. He has tried in vain to thrust his popish ideas down my throat. I know that the Protestants are as sincerely attached to the government as the oath of allegiance can make them. All they want is liberty of worship, and by the mass they have a right to demand that! Suppose the Regent should try to force the Catholics to worship some other way! What a howl of execration would ascend all over the land! Go, by all means, Van Straalen, and I will help you all that I can."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A GRIM PAGE OF HISTORY.

ALVA was bent upon proving himself an accomplished financier, as he was indisputably a skilful commander, and he promised his sovereign an annual income of five hundred thousand ducats from the confiscations which were to follow the executions. For this purpose the Council of Blood was organized, which terrible tribunal has had no equal in the annals of history. So thoroughly did this institution perform its self-appointed task, that in less than three months from the time of its erection eighteen hundred human beings had suffered death. The Duke of Alva was president of this Council, and his coadjutors were appointed by himself. Noircarmes and Berlaymont, and two Spaniards, Del Rio and de Vargas, composed the working force of the Council. To each of these men the shedding of blood was an exhilarating pastime.

The greatest terror prevailed. The grass began to grow in the streets of the cities. All business was suspended. The country was like a vast sepulchre. Everywhere firesides were desolated. Surely

the image-breaking was amply revenged. At the bar of divine judgment, where a single human life is counted of more value than any relics however revered, perhaps this terrible account will be justly balanced.

It is not our purpose to drag the reader through the seas of blood, which the savage bigotry of that age caused to be spilled. The most meagre details of this human butchery are sufficient. But the finger of History points to a page in her record darker than the rest: it is the invasion of the Netherlands by the Duke of Alva. The deeds of atrocity and fiendish hate which are herein recorded are unparalleled. The records of this period are numerous, and the truth is stated in unequivocal terms by both Dutchman and Spaniard. In the last analysis, it is out of the mouth of the Spaniard that the Spaniard is judged and condemned.

Who can forget Naarden? Alva and his soldiers entered the town. The three thousand starved men, women and children were persuaded to lay down their arms and surrender peaceably, trusting to the fair speech of their conqueror.

"Place yourselves at once under my protection!" said Alva. "I will conduct myself toward you as God shall give me grace. Do otherwise, and you can have neither truce nor friendship with me."

And how did the Iron Duke keep his promises?

Only sixty out of the three thousand human beings escaped. Every house was burned to the ground. This merciless butchery was accomplished to the sound of that terrible battle-cry, "Santiago! Santiago! España! España! á sangre, á carne, á fuego, á sacco!" (St. James, Spain, blood, flesh, fire, sack!)

And who can forget Mookerhyde, where the gallant Louis of Nassau fell, and Antwerp, and Haarlem, and Leyden? Call them battles, if you please, if battle it is when sick men, helpless women and little children kneel to receive the death blow! At every step which Alva and his soldiers took, the lust for slaughter found ample satisfaction.

Let us hasten from these scenes. The sickening smell of blood is everywhere, and God's pure air is polluted by the odor.

In the reception-room formerly used by the Regent for private audiences, sat the Duke of Alva and Baron Berlaymont.

The pen-pictures of Alva, which history has kept alive, lead one to infer that he was a repulsive, blood-thirsty villain in appearance. Such was not the case. It is true that Alva possessed few virtues, and for a kind of patient vindictiveness and ferocity he was not excelled by the beasts of the forest, and but rarely equalled by any human being. Still there was nothing forbidding in his personal appearance.

He was tall and spare, with the precision of movement and erectness of figure which characterized the soldier. His complexion was sallow, and his eyes deep-set and gray. As he sat opposite Baron Berlaymont, his brow wrinkled with thought, he looked more like a scholar than a general. A long silvery-white beard descended in two streams upon his breast, and added to the dignity of his presence.

"The people of Antwerp desire mediation," the Baron was saying. "Would it not be well to relax severity, at least for a time? I judge the miscreants are thoroughly subdued."

Alva regarded his companion haughtily. "Mediation," he said at length, in a harsh voice, "I came to the Netherlands to conquer, not to mediate! Do you think I am afraid of the burghers of Antwerp? In my day I have crushed men of iron. Shall I fear these men of butter? As to the other matter about which you spoke a few moments ago: you wish me to grant you certain powers, which will enable you to conduct a system of espionage disastrous to the enemies of the King."

"That is what I stated, your Excellency."

"I am not sure that this is a wise thing for me to do," said Alva thoughtfully. "I have always been in the habit of attending to hazardous experiments myself. I do not like to trust such matters to unknown hands."

"I feel confident that I could greatly assist your

Excellency if you would favor me with your confidence. I have the advantage over you in one particular: I know these heretic rebels thoroughly. I understand their methods and their motives better than a stranger and a foreigner possibly could. And as to my loyalty to the King, the odium which attaches to my name on my native soil ought to assure you on that point."

Alva was silent for a few moments, then he said, "Do you think that you could decoy the Prince of Orange back to Holland? If we do not catch that man we have accomplished nothing."

"I cannot hope to succeed where the Duke of Alva has failed," replied the Baron. "There is one thing to be said in favor of Prince William: he is not in leading strings. He knows his own mind, and no man living can sway him against his will."

"You are right. Would that I could capture that smooth-tongued, lying hypocrite, pretending to be a loyal subject of Philip and concocting treasonable schemes in his fertile brain all the while. Place that man within my grasp, Baron Berlaymont, and you shall name your own price for your services."

"I cannot do that," said the Baron. "It would be folly for me to hold out any such prospect to you. Prince William is in Germany on his own estates. We cannot so much as lay a finger on him. But fortunately for us, the Prince's followers are

less sagacious. I can find out the plans of the Prince and foil them, which will answer our purpose quite as well as to secure the person of Orange. He is too far away to exert his wonderful influence upon the people, and really at his distance I regard him as comparatively harmless. But you must grant me freedom of action along this line of tactics, else I can accomplish nothing. Grant me this, and I will guarantee to alienate the Prince and his followers."

"Very well, Baron. Consider yourself as endowed with the necessary power. See that you make good use of it, for the authority of God and the supremacy of the King."

"Thanks, your Excellency."

The Baron retired after saluting the Duke.

Alva immediately summoned his confidential adviser, Juan Vargas, and laid the matter before him. "It goes against the grain," said the Duke, "that I am compelled against my better judgment to take this Fleming into my confidence."

"Perhaps he will be able to serve you," returned Vargas.

"That is just the point. He can serve me, and I do not wish to be under obligations to a single Netherlander, good or bad."

"When you are through using him you can easily put him out of the way," suggested Vargas.

"I do not feel so sure of that. If this man were

not so prominent socially, the matter would be less difficult. But he is a rich nobleman, a loyal subject of the King, and a devoted Catholic. What just cause could I have for removing him? It is expedient for us to at least keep up the semblance of justice."

"I have a plan," said Vargas. "Betray the Baron into the hands of the heretic rebels. They will be only too glad to give him a short shrift."

"That is precisely what we will do, Vargas. An unfortunate accident which leads us to send the Baron Berlaymont into the hands of his enemies will be a matter which the Netherlanders can discuss at large. I shall thereby gain my end, and my hand will be invisible. We will spare him for a time, as he promises to be a valuable tool."

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHAT THE MORROW BROUGHT.

AFTER the first few hours of bitter anguish were over, Reynold Van Straalen rose up a new man. No vain regrets, no curses passed his lips. The terrible weight of sorrow which had overtaken him was to him as the accolade of knighthood, singling him out because of his mighty sorrow and mighty wrong, as the outspoken champion in the cause of liberty and truth.

Before his departure he was summoned again to meet his superior officer.

"I have been thinking, comrade, what I can do to help you. Your case is desperate! Why do you not give up your Protestant notions and join the winning side?"

"Because I have a conscience, and I must heed its dictum or suffer."

"I expected some such reply as that," said the general, good humoredly. "You will die for a scruple yet. Now as to myself, the few prayers I say in the course of a year could be spoken in one

church as well as another. But probably we shall always differ on that point. Seriously, I think your chances of fulfilling your mission are rather slim, but if any one can help you find your sister, it is that charming creature Doña Isidore de Cisneros."

"A Spanish lady!" said Reynold in dismay. "Is there a Spaniard in whom one can put faith?"

"You can trust Doña Isidore," replied General Berlaymont. "She lives in Brussels with her sister, who married a wealthy Fleming. They are all stanch Catholics. If Doña Isidore espouses your sister's cause, as I expect she will, your success is assured. She is a born schemer, and her beauty, wealth and wit have made her a leader in the best society in Brussels."

"She will hardly interest herself in a stranger, and a heretic at that," replied Reynold.

"Please give Doña Isidore this letter which I have written, and I shall be greatly disappointed if she does not interest herself in your affairs. See here, unbeliever," he added, throwing back his coat and exhibiting a knot of scarlet ribbon fastened with an opal, "I am privileged to wear Doña Isidore's colors, and if she has remained faithful, she will be ready to do me this slight favor."

"I thank you, general, for your kind interest in my case, and hope that success will crown your scheme. I have your permission to depart today?"

"Certainly, but return to me just as soon as your commissions are executed."

"That is impossible. I herewith tender my resignation as officer in the King's army. If my sword leaves its scabbard again, it will be to help drive the hated Spaniard from our free soil. It will never be drawn in the service of a perjured and ungrateful King. Hold my resignation a month, and if at the expiration of that time you hear nothing from me, send it to headquarters. I must use my military dress to help me pass unquestioned over the country."

"I am sorry to lose you, Van Straalen. I am just ordered to send what men I can spare for an expedition into France, to help Catharine de Medici subjugate the Huguenots. I had thought of entrusting you with this mission, although I fancy it would not be to your liking."

"Decidedly not! I should much rather join hands with the Huguenots than to fight against them. It is time that I left the army, for I cannot slay the defenders of the faith I profess. I will now say good-by, and hasten on my journey. My father's servant will accompany me."

Had the country been free of access to travellers, the distance from the French frontier to Brussels could have been traversed in a comparatively short time. The chief danger lay in encountering bands of common soldiers, who were reconnoitering the

country and seeking to cut off communication between the towns and cities. These reckless soldiers had but little love for officers of the army or navy, and would have considered it a huge joke to run across a solitary officer and hang him to the limb of a tree.

Both Colonel Van Straalen and the butler were well mounted, and they rode over the French border without encountering any opposition.

The first day and night passed without incident. As they journeyed through Holland, Alva's footprints were clearly defined in the desolate towns and the ruins of comfortable homes. What had once been a thrifty and populous country was rapidly becoming a wasted and ruined region.

The travellers avoided the main road and followed a circuitous route to avoid observation. The country roads were rough, and their progress was necessarily slow. Toward sunset of the second day a sound of horses' feet in their rear startled them. Looking back they espied a party of soldiers. The fugitives urged their horses forward, but the jaded beasts could not respond. The soldiers gained on them, and a shot rang out on the still air.

"I am wounded, Master Colonel," said the butler. "Press forward without me."

"Never, Jacob. Keep in the saddle a few moments longer, if possible. Our only safety lies in leaving the highway."

A bend in the road concealed them from observation. The twilight approached rapidly in this latitude, and it was with some difficulty that Reynold spied a faint path leading apparently into the depths of a forest. The increasing darkness would cause this retreat to be overlooked by the soldiers, and without any hesitation both men plunged into the friendly shadows.

After following the windings of the trail for quite a distance, and hearing no indications of pursuit, they dismounted, it being too dark and the path too uneven to continue riding. The sombre shade of interlacing boughs made the darkness intense, and not a sound broke the stillness. After stumbling about in the hope that the path must end somewhere, they came at length upon a little clearing with some indications of civilization. Before them were a few fields, at some time under cultivation, but now neglected and grown up to brush and weeds. In the centre of this clearing were the blackened ruins of what had once been a farmhouse. The chimney and part of the walls remained standing, and the charred fragments of what was once the roof still clung to one corner of the ruins.

In spite of the gruesome look of the place, both men hailed its appearance with thankfulness. It would afford them a comfortable shelter for the night. The butler had taken the precaution before starting of providing himself with flint, steel

and tinder, and Reynold, seizing some half-burnt fragments of wood and bits of brush and leaves, soon had a cheerful fire blazing on the wide hearth. The butler had fallen half unconscious to the ground, faint from the loss of blood. Reynold made a hasty examination of the wound. A glance convinced him that the injuries were fatal. It was a question if the old man would ever regain consciousness.

Reynold poured a spoonful of brandy between the closed lips, but the wounded man only moaned. Covering him with his own cape the young officer paced back and forth. The trees rustled softly in the night wind, the stars twinkled overhead, and no sound of life was heard except the occasional neighing of the horses tethered near by. A bat flitted by, chasing moths. The owls began to hoot in the trees; the weird churring of the night-jar and the call of quails in the distant fields thrilled through the air. His reflections were sad. "How strangely ordered are the lives of men and women," he thought. "These walls once sheltered a happy household. Now their home is a pile of blackened ruins and its inmates are scattered or dead." Then he thought of his own home in the possession of strangers; his father and mother dead and his sister perhaps drinking a cup of anguish bitterer than death, while the woman he loved was sundered forever from him.

He groaned as he realized his powerlessness to relieve the terrible situation. "O God!" he cried, "dost thou set no limit to the power of cunning wickedness to entrap and slay the unwary weak? Would that I could avenge my wrongs!"

The words came to him on the night wind, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord of Hosts."

A sound from within caused him to hasten to the servant's side. By the flickering light of the fire he saw that the old man was dying. He lifted his head, and Jacob opened his eyes.

"I thought it was morning!" he murmured in weak tones, and all was over. It truly was the morning for him, on whom the brightness of everlasting day was dawning.

A slight noise from outside caused the officer to glance around. Peering into the ruins was the face of a man, wild, vicious and unkempt, his remnants of clothes hanging in tatters about his wasted body. The semblance of manhood was well-nigh obliterated from the gaunt face, and his expression was that of a famished wild beast, crouching to spring upon his prey. Drawing his sword Reynold advanced upon the strange apparition, which fled with a mocking laugh into the depths of the forest.

CHAPTER XXV.

DOÑA ISIDORE.

THROUGH the rest of that long night Colonel Van Straalen did not dare to close his eyes in slumber. The thought that some living being was in his vicinity disquieted him. He stirred the fire again and sat down before the glowing embers. He thought of Katharine La Tour. Should he ever see her sweet face again? Yes, perhaps in far off years, when she had become a Sister of some Order, as far removed from him as heaven from earth. "By all that was right and true, she should have been mine!" he said half aloud. But now! She was his as a dream might be, something intangible, something he possessed but could not hold. Her sweet face seemed to mock him from out the firelight, like a ghost of the past, and the echo of her musical laugh seemed borne to his ears on the night wind. He realized as never before the power of love, and his heart grew sick as he set this ecstasy over against the misery and loneliness which stretched before him like a desert.

With the first streak of dawn, he hastily dug a grave and laid the body of the faithful servant to rest. Then mounting his horse he retraced his way to the road which he had left the night previous. The country was yet wrapped in repose. Not a breath stirred the leaves of the trees, not a sound broke the stillness. Then the sun awoke, the birds carolled their matins, the trees rustled, and the officious chanticleer announced that another day was born.

As the young officer rode through the desolated towns and villages, these words came unbidden to his lips:

> "The hunting tribes of air and earth,
> Respect the brethren of their birth;
> Man only mars kind Nature's plan,
> And turns the fierce pursuit on man."

All nature was at peace. Only the slow circling of vultures, whose heavy movements bespoke satiety, told of the terrible carnage which they had eagerly witnessed.

Entering Brussels the next morning, Reynold was surprised to find that some event of importance was being celebrated. In the Great Square three thousand Spanish troops were drawn up in battle array about a scaffold. In this Square all the great public events were celebrated, from brilliant tournaments to ghastly executions. It was evident that

an execution had just taken place, for tears, groans and execrations rose from the mass of human beings who crowded about the scaffold. Two heads were placed on pikes and exposed to the public gaze.

"Who are these unfortunate victims?" asked the young officer to a man standing by his side.

"You must be a stranger in Brussels to ask such a question!" was the reply.

"I am."

"Then I will tell you. Yonder is the foulest act which tyranny has dared to inflict on this suffering people. Counts Egmont and Horn, both devoted Catholics and loyal soldiers, have been beheaded by the order of the Duke of Alva."

"What crime had they committed?" asked Reynold, in dismay.

"None. Alva has always been jealous of Egmont since his brilliant military victories at St. Quentin and Gravelines. These victories were gained contrary to Alva's advice. He has hated Egmont ever since. Count Horn was Egmont's most intimate friend, so he had to die. The Prince of Orange would share the same fate, if Alva could only induce him to return to the Netherlands."

"Accursed be the day when the Spaniards set foot upon this soil!" said another bystander.

From the outskirts of the throng came the sound of a woman's voice, low and sweet, singing a hymn:

"The Spaniards are come,
And the night's dark and dreary;
Now watch all ye pious,
Steadfast and unweary.
Despond not, my people,
The Lord is your stay;
He hears the afflicted
And soon breaks the day!"

The voice ended in a mournful wail. Colonel Van Straalen started to find the singer, but a detaining hand was laid on his arm.

"Come away at once, my friend. You are attracting too much attention. Yonder poor woman is past help. It is crazy Margaret, who haunts the Square every time there is a public execution. Poor woman. Her husband and father were executed, and her babe sickened and died."

As they passed near the poor creature, Reynold noticed that she was young, and would have been beautiful had not sorrow and madness wasted her frame.

"The time is so long, Seigneurs!" she said plaintively, as her eye fell on their compassionate faces. "Will not the good Lord come soon and redeem His people, as He has promised?"

"Yes, poor woman, I hope so, I believe so!" said Reynold. "This nation will not always submit to the rule of tyranny."

"Despond not, my people,
The Lord is your stay;
He hears the afflicted
And soon breaks the day!"

These words rang in his ears, not as the feeble plaint of a suffering woman, but as a prophecy of victory.

"Colonel Van Straalen, we must hasten," said his companion. "You are in great danger of being recognized, and if so, your arrest would speedily follow."

"How does it happen that you know me?" said Reynold.

"I am Conrad Chenoweth!" was the whispered reply. "Let us talk no more until we are safely in my quarters."

They threaded the streets of Brussels in silence, until they came to the part inhabited by the poorer classes. They entered a long, dark alley, which had many crooked turns, and paused before one of the poorest houses. The advocate knocked gently three times. The door was opened cautiously by a stout Flemish woman. On seeing Conrad she bade him enter. They both went inside and the door was securely bolted.

"Gretchen," said Conrad, "I have brought a dear friend, who, like myself, is a fugitive. Can you give him shelter? He is a Protestant."

"Yes, Heer Chenoweth. I will gladly shelter any of the persecuted followers of the reformed faith, and any of your friends are thrice welcome. I have not forgotten when we lived in Antwerp how your good father took care of us in our sick-

ness and trouble, and never would accept a riksdaler from us in payment for his services. As long as I have a shelter, you and your friends can share it."

"I thank you for your generosity, my good woman," said Colonel Van Straalen. "I hope to execute my mission here as soon as possible and then join the army of our noble Prince."

As soon as the two young men were alone, Reynold said eagerly, "Conrad, have you found Hilvardine yet? I know she is the lodestone which keeps you as well as myself from immediately joining the army of the Prince."

"Alas, no!" said his friend. "She was abducted from her home and brought to Brussels at the instigation of the Chancellor of Brabant, but farther than that I can learn nothing. All clue to her whereabouts is carefully concealed. I have haunted the premises of the Chancellor, have made myself on good terms with some of the servants in his household, but either they cannot or will not divulge the secret."

"Then nothing remains for us except to try and interest Doña Isidore de Cisneros in the case," said Reynold.

"I know the lady well by sight," said Conrad, "but she is inaccessible."

"I am assured that this will find a way to her heart," said Reynold, producing General Berlay-

mont's letter, and relating the conversation which had passed between himself and his commanding officer.

Conrad's face brightened perceptibly. "Who knows but what a woman's wit will unravel the mystery. Let us wait upon this lady this evening."

About eight o'clock they started on their errand. The streets were in semi-darkness, for the great gloomy houses were but dimly lighted, in order not to attract attention. A Spanish patrol was the only sign of life in the deserted streets. They succeeded in avoiding this officer of the law, and ascended the steps of an elegant mansion.

The butler informed them that Doña de Cisneros was within and at leisure. They gave the servant their names, and were ushered into the reception-room to await her appearance.

A rustle of draperies announced her coming, and directly the lady was in the room. Certainly General Berlaymont had not exaggerated when he pronounced her beauty unusual, even in a land famous for its beautiful women. She was in the flower of youth, and certainly no artist could do justice to the creamy softness of her skin, the dark lustre of her hair, and the elusive depths of her black eyes. Altogether she was a brilliant and charming Spanish lady.

Both gentlemen arose and saluted her.

" This is Doña Isidore de Cisneros? " said Reynold.

" Yes, Seigneur. To what am I indebted for the honor of your acquaintance? " she added, with a delightful accent.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A WOMAN OF TACT.

FOR answer, Conrad Van Straalen handed the lady the letter which General Berlaymont had written.

A slight flush crept into Doña Isidore's face as she read the contents. Then she said: "Seigneurs, my friend is pleased to place a high value on my powers of diplomacy. I shall be glad to serve you in so interesting a matter. You are the brother of Mistress Van Straalen?"

The officer bowed.

"And Heer Chenoweth is her lover, I surmise. Here are all the materials for a charming romance. Nothing so amuses me as intrigue, and I pledge myself to do my best for you."

"We cannot thank you enough, Doña de Cisneros," began Conrad, but the Spanish lady cut short his expressions of gratitude.

"Wait, I beg of you," she said, "before you thank me. Perhaps I shall fail, after all. Please call in two days and learn of my success or failure."

"May the good Lord reward your efforts," said the officer.

After the departure of her visitors, Doña Isidore called her confidential maid.

"Rita, you are well acquainted with the servants in Chancellor Maas' family. Did you ever hear them say anything about Hilvardine Van Straalen, the daughter of the Burgomaster at Antwerp?"

"Oh, yes, Doña. The Chancellor fancied himself in love with the girl's pretty face; but Mistress Van Straalen had such a sharp tongue and abused him so soundly that he tired of her directly and gave up all thoughts of wedding the maiden."

"Is she still a prisoner in the Chancellor's house?"

"Oh, no! She remained there only a short time. At the advice of Monseigneur Ryder she was thrust into the prison of the Inquisition, because she was a heretic. Whether she is still there or has been condemned and executed, I know not."

"How did you learn all this, Rita?"

"From one of the servants at the Chancellor's. She played the eavesdropper and learned the secret."

"That will do, Rita!" said her mistress.

Doña Isidore sat for some time lost in thought. Then she said decidedly, "If that girl is in prison, she cannot be released without an order from Alva.

I must visit his Grace to-morrow morning and obtain an order from him, which will set the maid at liberty. He is a hard person to deal with, but he shall grant my request or my name is not de Cisneros!"

The Duke of Alva was sitting at a table with some charts and writing materials before him. He was in excellent humor, having just crushed an incipient rebellion in Friesland.

An attendant announced that a lady desired to see him.

"Admit her!" said the Duke. An elegant figure swept into the room, dressed in rich yet tasteful garments. As she threw aside her veil the stern features of the Iron Duke relaxed.

"I am highly honored by the presence of Doña de Cisneros," he said gallantly. "Be seated, my fair countrywoman."

"I called, your Grace, especially to congratulate you on your signal victory in North Holland, also to join your hosts of admirers in praising the statue which has been reared to commemorate that event."

It was true that after this victory Alva caused a colossal statue of himself to be erected at Antwerp, with this inscription on the pedestal:

"To Ferdinand Alvarez de Toledo, Duke of Alva, Governor of the Netherlands under Philip the Second: for having extinguished sedition,

chastised rebellion, restored religion, secured justice, established peace. To the King's most faithful minister this monument is erected."

Alva could rightfully take his place beside that imperious representative of royalty, Louis XIV, in his worship of self.

The Duke, thawing before the charms of this beautiful young Spaniard like an icicle in an April sun, was soon showering compliments in the florid language of his native land.

"I shall consider it a pleasure to grant you any favor as a token of my esteem," he said.

Who can explain the fascination which beauty ever inspires in the human breast? It has wielded a tremendous power for good and evil since the world began. Doña Isidore was conscious of her power, and she exerted herself to bring the Iron Duke into her train of satellites.

"I will take you at your word, your Grace," said the lady. "I have become interested in the condition of one of the captives in yonder prison, a maiden named Hilvardine Van Straalen. I desire very much her pardon, for I have set my heart on having this girl for my companion."

A haughty look came into the Duke's face. He was not used to being sued for favors of this nature. For a moment he hesitated. Then a glance at his lovely petitioner decided him.

"You have asked a singular request, fair lady. Presumably the girl is a heretic."

"I think it more than likely, your Grace, but I will see to it that she is speedily converted. She will be so grateful to me for her release that I doubt not she will readily do me the small favor of turning Catholic."

"It is establishing a bad precedent. Were this matter to become known, I should directly be overwhelmed with petitions of a similar nature."

"I assure your Grace that I will act with the greatest discretion. The matter can be done quietly, and no one need be the wiser. She can be removed from prison in the night, and I will see that she is many leagues from here the next day. Really, Duke, I shall take it to heart if you do not grant my request."

"How did you learn the girl's history, Doña?" asked Alva, suspiciously.

"My maid was gossiping about the affair. It seemed a pity that one so young and who had suffered so much should languish in prison. I assure your Grace that it was human kindness, pure and simple, that brought me hither, and I trusted in your goodness and sense of justice to grant my request."

There has never been a tyrant who did not like to be called good and just. These words appealed to the Duke of Alva. Judicious flattery was the

one lever which could raise this piece of granite from its foundations.

He drew his writing materials toward him and wrote a few lines on a piece of paper.

"There, Doña de Cisneros, the girl is yours. You are an eloquent pleader. I do not think that I have done a wise thing, but I simply cannot refuse you."

"You are very gracious and very kind," said the lady, giving her hand to Alva, which he gallantly kissed. "I trust that all your schemes for overthrowing the Dutch may prosper. For my part, I am sick of this amphibious country, with its dikes, its canals, and its flatness. I long for beautiful, sunny, mountainous Spain!"

"You fairly make me homesick, Doña," said the Duke. "I hope to subjugate the country soon, that I may return to my native land."

CHAPTER XXVII.

A WATCH IN THE NIGHT.

THE Superior of the House of the Jesuits sat in his sanctum lost in thought. The beautiful faces from the walls smiled a gracious welcome, and the grand tones of the cathedral organ still floated in the air, but he heeded them not. Looking impatiently at the clock, he muttered, "It is time he were here!"

As if in answer to his summons, the figure of a man appeared at the open door. He stood with cringing servility before the Jesuit. It was the soldier to whom Monseigneur Ryder had given a commission on the night of Princess Elizabeth Stuyvesant's death.

"Ah, Caspar Swarte! I should think it about time that you appeared to give an account of yourself. Why have you dallied so long? Know you not that the business of the Church requires haste?"

"Pardon, your reverence! Believe me, I have not wasted the time. For months I have followed Francis Junius about, but each time, when I

thought his capture certain, he slipped from my grasp. He must be in league with the devil, for he has the faculty of making himself invisible at any time."

"Enough of this!" said the Jesuit impatiently. "Make no more excuses, but come to the point in hand. Why are you here to-night?"

"To tell you that the Huguenot preacher is arrested, and to-morrow he dies."

The stern look on the priest's face changed to one of satisfaction.

"This is good news indeed, Swarte! You are pardoned for your long silence and your delay in executing my command. Receive your reward," he continued, handing the man a bag of florins. "Continue your faithful services to the Church and you shall receive ample compensation in this world's goods. Go, my son, and my blessing attend your steps."

The soldier departed with a smiling face.

Hugo Berlaymont was sitting in his uncle's library, his head bowed with grief, and the tears coursing down his cheeks at the news which Fritz had brought him of the capture of Junius and his execution on the morrow.

"It cannot be, it must not be!" said Hugo between his sobs. "My dear pastor shall not die like a felon. I will plead with my uncle for his life."

Although carefully nurtured in the lap of luxury, Hugo Berlaymont had his trials. Many of the members of the reformed faith frowned upon him because he had not come out boldly and espoused their cause.

"A man cannot be called a Christian who fears to acknowledge himself as one: who places the opinions of his fellows, or his own human interests and affections, before the glory of God," they said.

Hugo was a sensitive lad, and he felt these words of reproof keenly. He was strong to suffer himself, but he could not bear to inflict suffering upon others. He loved his uncle truly, and he knew that to avow himself a Protestant would be to fill his uncle's heart with the bitterest anguish. He had talked the matter over with Junius.

"I have often felt, my good pastor, that this deception was not becoming in a follower of Christ; but by making a confession of my faith I shall not only redouble my uncle's persecutions, but I shall also be deprived of the power of assisting the brethren when they come to me secretly, as they have felt free to do. I want to do right. Decide the question for me, dear pastor Junius."

The preacher looked into the guileless face of the boy who had grown very dear to his heart, and placed his arm about his shoulder.

"My dear lad, I feel that you are not doing wrong, considering the peculiar circumstances in

which you are placed. You are still under age, and subject to the authority of your uncle. Your conduct must be governed largely by his commands. If your conscience does not condemn you, continue for the present in the same course. But remember this, my boy: when God's call comes to you to confess Him before men, you cannot mistake His voice. Then see to it that you heed that voice and obey that summons, even though it costs you your life."

A footstep sounded in the hall, and presently Baron Berlaymont entered the library.

"How is this, Hugo? Moping in the dark, as usual?"

The servants brought in candles and stirred the dying embers of a wood fire into a cheery blaze.

"Tears, nephew! Tears, I verily believe. How can you weep when the Church is on the eve of a splendid victory? Do you not know, my boy, that Francis Junius has at last been betrayed into our hands, and to-morrow he dies? Yes, thank God, that dangerous heretic dies. Would that I could be there to witness the execution, but an order from Alva demands my presence elsewhere."

"Uncle, I have a favor to ask of you," said Hugo, rising and standing with shining eyes before the Baron.

"Name it. I am in a mood to grant almost any reasonable request," was the reply.

"Spare the life of Francis Junius, and I will bless you and serve you all my days."

"The life of Francis Junius!" echoed his uncle in amazement. "Boy, are you mad? What is that Huguenot preacher to you, that you should dare to plead for his worthless life?"

"Uncle, he once saved me from a horrible death," was the reply, and then Hugo related the mishap which he had met with his horse, which came so near ending his career. "I cannot see my benefactor die and not lift a finger to save him. I love him for this act of kindness. It was at the peril of his own life that he rescued me. O, spare him, uncle, for my sake!"

"Peace, foolish boy!" said the Baron. "I should be glad to grant you any ordinary request, but you have asked an impossibility; Alva signed the death-warrant with his own hand. Besides, I am convinced that the heretic deserves death, and no word of mine shall stay the hand of the executioner. I am glad if the miscreant performed one good act in his life. It will be so much to his credit in the other world. Come, cheer up, my lad, and cease shedding tears like a woman."

With a heavy heart Hugo retired early to his room. He drew a copy of the New Testament, which Junius had given him, from its hiding-place, and began to read. He turned the pages over and

over, and these words seemed written in letters of fire on every page: "Stand Forth!"

Whichever way he turned, those words were before his eyes. Had God's call come to him at last? Did God bid him to stand forth on the morrow, and testify for Him in the market-place? He fell upon his knees and offered up this prayer: "O Lord, help me to save pastor Junius. Permit me, weak and unworthy though I be, to suffer in the place of that noble minister, and forgive my sincere but misguided uncle."

Hugo rose from his knees with his burden lightened. In some way he felt that his prayer would be answered and that the arm of Omnipotence would enable him to save his friend. How he was to accomplish this he did not know. He believed that God would show him the path of duty so clearly that he would make no mistake. With this thought he laid himself down to rest, and slept the tranquil sleep of a child.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

THE morning for the execution of Francis Junius dawned clear and bright. Hugo Berlaymont arose with the sun. He hardly knew what he was about to do, but he felt that God was leading him and would show him each step of the way.

Fritz was surprised at the interest which his young master evinced in the approaching execution. Hitherto the young lord had listened shrinkingly to any details of these affairs, and had even begged him to refrain from alluding to them in his presence. The sight of Hugo preparing to go to the market-place filled him with amazement and disgust.

"Really, I did not know before that my young master had a taste for blood. He has inherited it, I suppose. They say such things will crop out sooner or later." Aloud he said, "Is it wise for you to go and see the sentence executed, Master Hugo? The patrols are strengthened, and the officers fear a riot. It is no fit place for you."

Hugo looked at his servant with eyes which

seemed to see not. But the sound of a tolling bell in the distance awoke him from his dreams. Seizing his cap, he started on the run for the city. On sped the boy, as if on wings. He felt no fatigue. The thought uppermost in his mind was to get there before the prisoner arrived and somehow to rescue him. That noble man from whose lips he had heard the words of eternal life must not suffer death. His blood at least should not be upon his uncle's head.

A large crowd had already gathered, when Hugo arrived on the scene. It was with great difficulty that he forced himself through the dense throng, and at last stood before the horrible instrument of death. He gave one shuddering glance at the stake, the chains and the faggots, and then awaited the approach of the prisoner. The patrol of Spanish soldiers about the stake was comparatively small. A large company had been drawn up on the outskirts of the crowd, but there were whispered words which reached Hugo's ears to the effect that the military force about the prisoner was inadequate to secure him if the people could be aroused to action.

The sound of drums was heard. "He is coming! Junius is coming!" The voices in the crowd were awed into silence. A path was made by the soldiers through this seething mass of human beings, and the Huguenot preacher, securely bound and

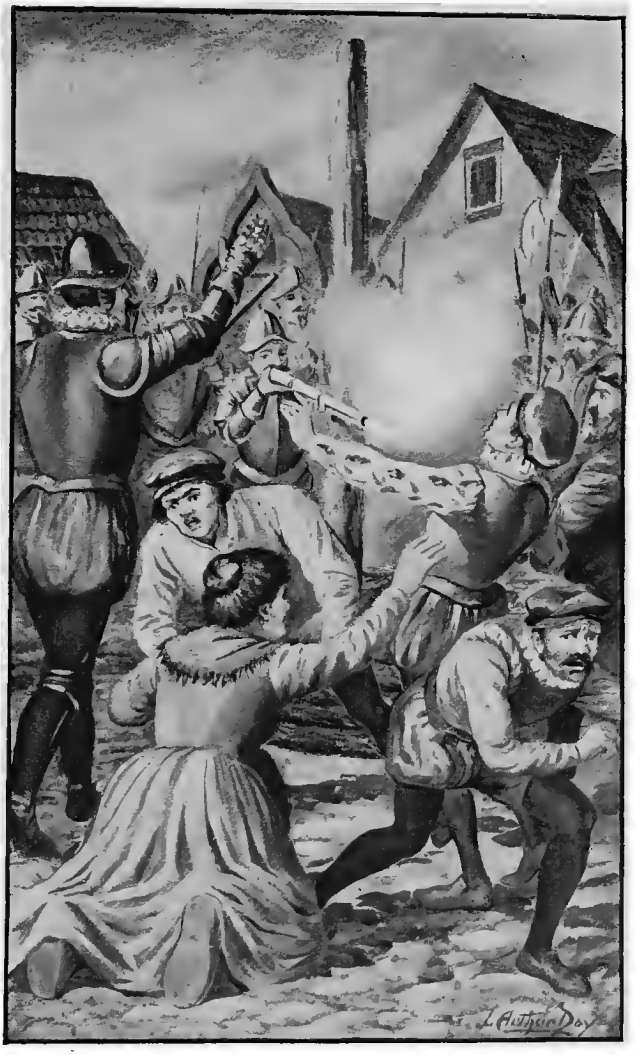
gagged, made his appearance. He looked worn and exhausted. Argument and even torture had been employed to make him recant, but his eyes glowed with the same old fire. Just now they were full of compassion as they rested on the grief-stricken multitude. Never again would they hear the old keen satire, the profound logic, the overwhelming tide of eloquence. These great literary and intellectual gifts were about to be hushed forever.

By the side of Junius walked no less a personage than Monseigneur Ryder, who had exerted every art to try and bring this notorious heretic into the fold of the Church. He had been defeated, and a look of hatred gleamed in his eyes. He read the warrant, and then delivered the preacher over to the secular arm for punishment. The crowd surged back and forth in impotent rage and grief.

At that moment a youthful figure sprang forward and stood beside the condemned man.

"Men of Brussels," cried a passionate voice, "if you be men in truth, help to liberate this godly man!"

The clear young voice rang out like a trumpet-call. Every eye was fastened on the beautiful face, which was aglow with a light not of earth. A ray of sunshine touched the bronze rings that curled over his fair brow, and his clear eyes gazed indignantly upon the silent, submissive crowd.



"HOLD, MEN!" Page 210.

An electric current seemed to run through the hitherto passive spectators, and every eye was riveted on the daring speaker. He seemed to be little more than a boy in years, but ripened by religious enthusiasm into manhood. A half-suppressed sound swept over that dense throng—an ugly sound to hear from human throats, for it was the angry growl of the wild beast which lies sleeping but not dead in the breast of every man, civilize him as best you may.

At first the burghers as well as the soldiers were paralyzed by the sudden apparition. Then the people roused themselves, and cries of "Freedom for the Protestants! Down with the papist bloodhounds!" were heard. That young voice and inspired face had broken the spell, and as hot, passionate words poured from the lips of this apostle of freedom, every one hung spellbound on his words. Yet no one dared to act. Terror paralyzed every arm. It was only when, snatching a knife from a burgher's belt, Hugo cut the cords which bound the prisoner, that the people responded. A mighty shout went up, "Saved! Saved!" as they seized Junius and passed him rapidly into the midst of the crowd. Once lost in that seething mass of humanity, there was little danger of recapture.

But what of Hugo?

The soldiers roused from their stupor. Not recognizing in the bold defender of the heretic

preacher the timid, shrinking nephew of Baron Berlaymont, the captain of the guard shouted, "Ye fools! Will you let both the prisoner and his liberator escape? Shoot him down like a dog, boy though he is!"

The men hesitated to obey this command. Then one of them said, "It is Baron Berlaymont's nephew. I dare not shoot the lad."

"Is that so?" said the captain. "Hold, men! I retract my order! Hold, for Jesus' sake! We will have the matter investigated. There must be some mistake."

But this last command came too late. A shot rang out on the startled air, and Hugo Berlaymont sank lifeless to the ground.

Truly was it said, "Greater love hath no man than this: that a man lay down his life for his friend."

CHAPTER XXIX.

LEAVES FROM A JOURNAL.

An abiding faith in God will make an ordinary life sublime. Agatha Chenoweth's religion was no half-hearted, conditional faith, no haggling across the counter of Infinity for the good things of this world, but a silent confidence in an overruling Providence, a submissive filial obedience, quiet in its development, yet including the whole divine mystery of spiritual growth. God was to her an all-wise Father, loving her while He chastened her; and her answering love was perfect in its childlike simplicity and trust.

Such thoughts occupied Conrad Chenoweth's mind as he read a packet of letters he had just received from his mother. To his surprise they were dated at Leyden.

"*My dear Conrad:*

"It has seemed wise for me to keep a journal of the events as they occur from time to time, so that if we are ever reunited we may look these records over, and recall the wondrous ways through which

God has led us. It will also help to relieve the tedium of the weary days and weeks of waiting.

"Of the journey to North Holland, I will say but little. It was long and comparatively uneventful. We came near falling into the hands of Spanish troopers, but were rescued each time by the 'Gueulx.' When we reached the river, which separated us from our destination, the ferryman utterly refused to be bribed to carry us across, fearing thereby he should lose his head. But a 'Wild Beggar' rowed us over, for he declared his life was worthless, and he was willing, even proud, to risk it in so good a cause.

"We reached in time the old farmhouse on the Zuyder Zee, where Lysken's brother lived. It was a long, low building, close to the great dyke, against which the sea ever roared and tumbled. Lysken's relatives were Lutherans, and kind, hospitable people have we found them to be, not indulging in the feeling of animosity toward the Calvinists which so disturbed the two bodies of Protestants in Antwerp.

"To your little sister, our life in Friesland was one long holiday. She walked over the farm daily with old Job Segerson, fed the chickens and calves, and never wearied of watching the almost human solicitude of the parent storks for their young. These birds had erected a huge nest on the large chimney of the house.

"I am using the past tense advisedly, for a terrible misfortune befell us and all who lived in our vicinity. A great deluge has wiped out the whole of Friesland, and at least twenty thousand persons in this province alone have been drowned. Sometimes it would seem as though for our sins God had turned His face from us. But, my dear son, the wrath of God is light, compared with the fury of man. He has sorely stricken us, but it is God's hand still—and it is right.

"It was All Saints' Day when the gale, which had been blowing for a week from the northeast, reached a climax. We knew that Job Segerson's farm and all the farms about were many feet below the sea level, and for days the wind had blown the spray completely over the dyke into the meadows beyond. Still, we did not fear any immediate danger. This great dyke had withstood the gales of centuries, and we felt confident it would weather this one. Besides, the wind could not always blow from the northeast.

"Despite our hopes, the storm continued unabated. Day after day the wind blew steadily from the same quarter, as if determined to bring death and destruction. The relentless waters of the Atlantic Ocean were piled up against the dyke, and we all felt that we must prepare for the worst. The cattle were turned loose from the barn to make shift for themselves. The members of the family went

to the upper rooms of the house. Boats were suspended from the windows.

"Over and above the roar of the wind we heard the artillery of the great waves laying siege to the ancient dyke. Yet we were not afraid. Job read to us from his old Dutch Bible consoling words of Scripture, and commended us all to the mercy of God. We all felt that we were in the hands of a loving Father, who would care for us even in this dire extremity. We feared the violence of man, but the roaring and thundering of the mighty sea did not terrify our hearts, although it filled us with awe. The One who commanded the winds and the waves was our friend. We could safely trust Him. The crash came at last. The great dyke gave way, and the raging waters soon swept away everything in their path.

"When Job's house began to tremble on its foundations, the boats were lowered and we all embarked on the seething waters. We were rescued by a schooner commanded by de la Marck, and on board this 'Water Beggar' were conveyed to Leyden, where we have taken up our residence for the present. I have enclosed some extracts of your father's letters, which doubtless you will be glad to read."

". . . I have already written several letters to you, my beloved wife, but have as yet received no reply. This is not strange, considering the unset-

tled condition of the times. We are all rejoicing over the great victory of Louis of Nassau at Heiliger Lee. This wooded eminence was old historic ground. Centuries before, a German warrior crushed Roman tyranny on this very spot. Again a battle was fought, this time not only for fatherland but for conscience. Surely God was with us, for Alva's choice army was utterly routed. His veterans had not reckoned on the disadvantages they would have to meet. They soon floundered helplessly in the deceitful morasses, or fell into huge ditches with which the pastures were surrounded. The Prince's army has won its first victory in the Netherlands!"

". . . The Prince is engaged in strenuous efforts to raise more men and more money. The Landgrave of Hesse and the Elector of Saxony have promised substantial aid. The Prince has given all his ready money, sold his plate, jewels, and costly tapestries, and staked his all upon this hazardous enterprise. The people are giving as they did in Bible times—the rich sparingly and the poor liberally. The Prince has set a noble example, which I hope will be followed by the prosperous cities."

". . . We have sustained a crushing defeat. How can I write you about the fearful massacre at Jemmingen?

"The Duke of Alva was surprised to find that the veteran army of Spain was not invincible.

When he recovered from his temporary amazement, his wrath was terrible. He decided to take the field in person and crush the rebellion. He did so, and Louis of Nassau lost at Jemmingen all that he had gained at Heiliger Lee. The poorly-paid and underfed patriot troops mutinied and would not fight. Being hotly pushed, they fled. Seven thousand were either butchered or drowned. Louis, with a few survivors, escaped to Germany. But the Prince is not discouraged, for his trust is in God, and he firmly believes our cause is just. Do not become disheartened, my beloved wife. The darkest hour is just before the dawn."

CHAPTER XXX.

PLUMING FOR FLIGHT.

"To-MORROW Katharine La Tour becomes a nun. You have succeeded admirably, cousin Agnes. I am more than gratified at the result of your labors."

"I really am troubled, Julius," replied the Lady Abbess, "at your treatment of my young novice. What will be the effect of this tissue of lies on that sincerely honest and innocent girl, when she discovers the truth? She believes us to be but little removed from angels, and she does not for a moment imagine that we really deny ourselves but few of the world's pleasures."

"I care not what she thinks, after her vows are once spoken," replied the Superior. "She will then be bound to us by irrevocable ties, and she will have to accept the condition of things as she finds them. But my influence over her is so unbounded that I am confident she will consider that whatever I advise is right. I never was so interested in a woman before. But how can one behold Katharine La Tour, with her candor, her intelligence, her

spirituality, her charms of person and manner, without admiring such a lovely creature!"

"You are waxing eloquent, Julius," said the lady, with curling lips. "And yet, cousin, do you not see that you are seeking to destroy in this admirable young person those very qualities of heart and mind which are her chief attraction? It almost rouses a conscience within me, to see the looks of love and reverence with which she regards both you and me."

"Let us make an end of this fruitless discussion," said Father Ryder, rising and trying vainly to suppress a yawn. "It is nearly my dinner hour, and I feel the need of refreshment. I will see my novice at four o'clock this afternoon, to prepare her for the ceremonies of the morrow."

Monseigneur was feeling elated at the success of his schemes, and in consequence he allowed himself considerably more wine with his dinner than he was in the habit of taking. He became unusually genial and communicative. It was in this condition that he sought an interview with the prospective bride of Christ.

As the young novice entered the room at the summons of her confessor, Father Ryder was again impressed with the loveliness of her person, the charm of her exquisite grace. There was a conscious purity in her presence, which effectually shielded her even more than her novice's garb. She

was now dressed in the long flowing black robe of the Order, and wore a white veil, which to-morrow would be replaced by one of sombre black, typifying her death to the world.

The generous wine was coursing through the Superior's veins, and for the moment he was not guarded in his speech.

"Sweet Katharine," he said, "how lovely you look to-day! By your serene expression I judge that life in the convent is thoroughly congenial to you."

The novice stared in amazement at this unusual language from her stately and dignified confessor. The Superior realized instinctively that he had made a serious blunder. Collecting his scattered wits, he began again:

"My daughter, how do you feel in reference to the momentous step which you are about to take to-morrow?"

"Holy Father," faltered the girl, "I have doubts and fears, and I think I am unfit for the conventual life. I have longings after the world and its pleasures. I do not know how to stifle these sinful desires."

"You do not need to silence them, my little friend. They are not sinful, as you imagine, and the Church will not frown them down. The Church is not so ascetic as you have been taught. Far from it! She imposes secrecy upon her fol-

lowers, that their indulgences may not be known to the outside world, to mar their influence; but she grants her faithful children all the pleasures that life can offer."

Katharine was amazed at these doctrines, which were so unlike the catechism she had studied within these walls. Recovering herself with an effort, she said, "If your words are true, Father, why do I need to leave the world and become a nun? I thought that the worship and service of God were the chief objects in life, to those who entered holy houses."

"My little friend, do not misunderstand me. We do worship God. Our masses, our festivals, our fasts are all evidences of our solemn adoration of God. But as a reward for separating ourselves from the world, and cutting ourselves off from the amenities of life, the Church grants us indulgences."

"It seems to me," said Katharine, with gathering courage, "that it is an insult to the Almighty to offer Him merely lip-service and a divided heart. Did not Christ denounce those who kept the outside of the platter clean, while the inside was filthy? It cannot be that you are talking seriously, Father."

"I never was more serious in my life, my fair reasoner," replied the Superior, completely off his guard. "You have treasured in your mind the words of Christ. It is well! Let me quote others to you, not only from the lips of the Master, but

from those of His holy apostles: 'To the pure all things are pure.' 'Love one another.' 'A bishop shall be the husband of one wife.' You look astonished, my sweet Katharine, at such astounding words; but I tell you this Church of ours sanctions marriage amongst the priesthood, secretly, to be sure, but it makes such a state possible by special dispensations, and that without violating conscience. You must have known, Katharine, that I loved you. Perhaps I have obeyed the Master's command too literally, in your case, but the fact remains unaltered—I love you. The other fact remains unaltered, that Christ sanctioned the marriage of priests. When He selected His apostles, He made choice of men who had wives. Is not Peter's wife made a personage of special note by an allusion to her in the Sacred Word? And Peter is the rock upon which our Church is built, and to whom she looked in those days as to her spiritual head. Marriage was not forbidden priests until the thirteenth century, and this command is an arbitrary one, which can easily be evaded. When I receive that cardinal's hat which the Pope has promised me, I can also procure a special dispensation which will permit our union."

"Stop!" cried Katharine, in a voice of indignation, her cheeks crimson with wrath and shame. "Say not another word at your peril. Is this your professed holy life, this life which you admit is a

tissue of lies from beginning to end? If I had entertained thoughts of marriage, think you I would have entered a convent, or have wounded the heart of my noble friend and lover by rejecting his suit? Merciful God, save me from these pitfalls!"

This cry of anguish sobered the Superior. Realizing that he had gone too far, he sought to obliterate the unfortunate impression he had made.

"My daughter," he said, in his accustomed dignified manner, "the test is over, and you have not faltered in your loyalty. Did you believe I could be in earnest? I sought but to prove your sincerity of purpose. You have passed the ordeal triumphantly. Now kneel!" he said authoritatively, "and make your last confession before assuming the veil."

Katharine was powerless to resist the stern, imperious personality of the priest. She fully realized her dangerous position. She knew that if she would escape from this place the utmost discretion was necessary, in order that her confessor might not suspect her purpose. She therefore obeyed submissively the command of Monseigneur Ryder.

In conclusion, the Superior said, "I shall exact a penance, my daughter, for entertaining such rebellious feelings as you have described and for doubting the word of your confessor. You will remain before the altar in the chapel until midnight, reciting the prayers which I will mark in the bre-

viary. I trust that by that time your mind will have become tranquillized, and that thoughts of the ceremonies of the morrow will bring you only joy and peace. Farewell."

Fully confident in his power over the novice, and never doubting but what she was thoroughly grounded in her desire to take the veil, the Superior departed. Had his sensibilities not been dulled, he would quickly have noted that the calmness of his charge was forced.

Until eight o'clock in the evening Katharine revolved in her mind the chances of escape. She was fully resolved to leave these hateful walls that very night, and to seek shelter elsewhere. Never would she willingly submit to the life which Father Ryder had so graphically described. She fell upon her knees and besought God to avert the impending danger and to aid her escape.

She repaired to the chapel at the time appointed. It was the hour for quiet meditation in the convent, and the halls were deserted. As Katharine knelt before the altar, she felt a soft touch on her shoulder. Looking up she saw the impassive face of the portress. Over her arm she carried a peasant's coarse cape and rough hood.

"Rise, child," she said kindly. "I listened to your prayers for deliverance this afternoon. I saw your tears of distress, and I pitied you. I would save you from the fate which has been mine. The

Church has sadly changed since the days of my youth. I have always loved and reverenced her, and I do so still. It is only those things within her which are not holy that I would see changed. May God in His own good time purge her from all her spots and stains, and bring her forth as gold purified by the refiner's fire. But enough of this. The convent is no place for you. If you remain, you will be sadly persecuted. I have come to set you free. Hasten! there is no time to lose!"

So saying, she wrapped the bewildered girl in the coarse garments and led her to the postern gate of the convent. As she opened the gate she said, "Go along the Westernstrasse until you come to Canal Street. In the third house from the corner on the right lives my sister, Betgen Faber. She will shelter you to-night for my sake. Farther than this, the blessed Mother must direct your steps."

With these words she gently thrust the trembling girl into the dark street of the city.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"NOT AS TO A FLEMING, BUT AS TO A TRAITOR."

AFTER the death of his nephew, Baron Berlaymont redoubled his persecution of the Protestants. He saw to it that the gibbet and the stake were daily supplied with victims. One morning he entered the strongly-guarded palace where Alva resided, and passing unchallenged through the rooms where soldiers were stationed to guard the person of the Duke, he was ushered into the presence of the governor of the Netherlands. The Duke was in high spirits, having just been made the recipient of a jewelled hat and sword from the Pope, in recognition of his services for the Church. An autograph letter accompanied the gift, in which his Holiness urged Alva to remember that when he put the hat on his head, "he was guarded with it as with a helmet of righteousness and with the shield of God's help, indicating the heavenly crown which was ready for all princes who support the holy Church and the Roman Catholic faith." The sword was ornamented with the following Latin

inscription: "Accipe sanctum gladium, munus a Deo, in quo dejicies adversarios populi mei Israel." —"Receive the sacred sword, a gift from God, in whom you will overthrow the adversaries of my people Israel."

Alva greeted the Baron almost cordially. "Your investigations have proved a mine of wealth," he said. "I am glad I accorded you those privileges."

The Baron could not conceal his pleasure at this praise. "I still have information, which is at your disposal," he said.

"Then let us proceed to business," replied Alva.

The Baron produced a chart, and laying it before Philip's viceroy said, "Louis of Nassau is contemplating another invasion of the Netherlands, much against his brother William's judgment. He intends to make Utrecht his objective point. There are many conspirators there. He will proceed to Amersfoort, and in case he is repulsed there he can fall back on Het Loo. He evidently expects to be supported by the 'Beggars of the Sea,' for he keeps in close proximity to the ocean."

Alva glanced at the plans critically. With his superior knowledge of military tactics, he saw the weak points in the scheme at once. "Poor fools!" he said at length. "They seem anxious to thrust their heads into the lion's mouth. It is well for us that these rebels are not sagacious enough to follow their Prince's advice. I do not wonder Orange

discouraged the campaign. What an insane idea of falling back on Het Loo, that unfortified village! Our work will be easy. The rebels will soon get tired of being annihilated. Now, as to some compensation for your services, Baron. I will represent your case to his Majesty, and recommend a suitable reward."

"There is only one reward that I will for a moment consider!" said Baron Berlaymont.

The Duke eyed his visitor keenly.

"And that?"

"The office of Stadtholder of Brabant. I understand the place is vacant."

The Duke crimsoned with anger. "Your request is certainly not lacking in boldness. The office you covet is next in rank to the regency."

"I am aware of that fact," replied the Baron coolly. "You are the Regent of the Netherlands. No man after yourself has done more toward suppressing heresy than I have. I consider no one more worthy of the position of Stadtholder."

"What if I do not choose to recommend you to this place?" said Alva.

"Then I shall cease my investigations in the interests of the government, and I shall warn the rebels of your moves. You know well enough that I should prove a dangerous enemy."

Alva did know this to his cost, and he chafed furiously.

"Very well, Baron!" he replied grimly. "You shall have your wish."

"Thanks. With your permission I should like this contract in writing."

The Duke hesitated a moment, then seizing a pen he dashed off a few lines on a slip of paper, to which he affixed his seal. He handed it to the Baron.

The latter looked at the writing, then folded the paper and placed it carefully in his pocket

"Many thanks, your Excellency."

"I desire to be alone!" said Alva. And without deigning his visitor so much as a nod in farewell, the Duke resumed his study of a chart. In a few moments he summoned Vargas.

"Did you notice my visitor?" he began abruptly.

"Yes. It was Baron Berlaymont."

"What do you think that conceited Netherlander wants for his services?"

Vargas looked interested.

"He wants nothing less than the position of Stadtholder of Brabant—a position which was even denied William of Orange!"

Vargas held up his hands in horror.

"Juan Vargas?"

"Yes, your Excellency!"

"That man has outlived his usefulness. He has dared to threaten me. He is dangerous. What

shall we do with him? How shall we manage to put him out of the way, and still not have Alva appear to have been a party to his death?"

The Spaniard thought for a few moments.

"You say he has incriminating papers on him?"

"Yes, he has the plan of the proposed campaign of Louis of Nassau in his pocket."

"Then he shall die, and that at the hands of the rebels," replied Vargas.

"Do you think you can manage the affair discreetly?"

"Certainly. Your Excellency may safely entrust all details to me," said Vargas.

"Very well! Then I will dismiss the matter from my mind."

The next morning the citizens of the capital were electrified by the news that the "Tiger of Brussels" had been foully murdered. His body was found riddled with bullets, and on a paper which was pinned over his breast were these words: "Not as to a Fleming, but as to a traitor and a spy!"

The hours which elapsed before Conrad Chenoweth could visit Doña Isidore de Cisneros dragged their slow length along. He vainly wished that the moments would speed faster, but Nature was too wise a mother to alter her times and seasons at the entreaties of anxious lovers. Well she knew that

the world was full of such, and had been, since the day when Jacob tended the flocks of Laban and sighed for Rachael.

At last the appointed hour came, and Conrad and his friend set out for the home of the Spanish Doña. She met them with smiles and with the welcome assurance that Hilvardine was safe in her possession. She prepared them for the changed appearance of the girl, as she had been ill of prison fever.

Reynold Van Straalen was first summoned to her presence. He was merciful to his friend, and did not prolong his interview. In less than a half hour he returned, with the welcome announcement that Hilvardine was feeling stronger and would see Conrad at once. A moment more and he was in her presence. Hilvardine's face, wasted and worn by sorrow and sickness, still retained its loveliness. Her hair had been cut, and clung in short raven curls close to her face, giving it a look of extreme youthfulness. Her face was chastened in its expression, but her eyes shone with a happy light as she caught sight of Conrad.

He held out his arms, and straight as a homing dove she went to meet him. No words were needed. Time for them had no existence. Pain, fatigue, anxiety—all were forgotten in the felicity of this hour.

"God has been very good to me," whispered Hilvardine.

" He has been better to me than my fears," replied Conrad. " May He forgive me that for a time I doubted His love."

A tap sounded on the door, and the face of Doña Isidore appeared.

" I shall have to interrupt you, Seigneur Chenoweth," she said. " You have been here more than an hour, and my charge will not be in good condition to travel to-morrow unless she sleeps soundly to-night. Bid her adieu for a short time."

Conrad immediately took leave of his lady, with loving assurances of a speedy reunion in Leyden. He felt confident that his mother would welcome his promised wife with great joy.

Conrad took Doña Isidore's hand before leaving the house, and pressed a kiss upon it. " I cannot now express my gratitude to you in fitting words," he said, in a broken voice.

" Believe me, it has been a pleasure to assist one so good and so beautiful as Mistress Van Straalen. I am glad that I have been permitted in this small way to atone for some of the cruelty of my fellow countrymen." And the dark eyes of the charming Spanish Doña were full of tears as she spoke.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE FUGITIVES.

PETER CLAESEN, Gretchen's son, made it a practice to steal unobserved from his home after nightfall to visit friends of the faith and to render them what assistance he could. On the night in which Katharine La Tour made her escape from the convent, Peter was abroad, as usual. Coming into the Westernstrasse he noticed a young woman a little in advance of him, who walked timidly and with an air of uncertainty as to her direction. Believing this to be some person in distress, Peter followed at a respectful distance. Hearing sounds of pursuit, the young woman quickened her pace. Peter followed, and kept the flying feet and fluttering dress well in sight. Hardly had the fugitive reached Canal Street when, overcome by fright and exhaustion, she sank on the pavement in a faint. Peter was by her side in a moment. Fortunately for both parties the street was deserted. Lifting the unconscious woman in his strong arms, Peter took a shorter route to his mother's house, where he arrived in safety.

Gretchen, who never turned a needy human being from her doors, hastened to unfasten the heavy cape from the slender shoulders. The coarse hood fell from the face and revealed the nun's attire.

"A Sister!" said Gretchen, in amazement. "Why is she abroad at such an hour?"

* * * * * * * * *

Colonel Van Straalen gave one look at the beautiful face.

"It is Katharine La Tour!" he said to Conrad. "What are we to understand by this? She must have fled from the convent."

"She is not yet a nun!" said Conrad, pointing to the white veil. "I imagine she has run away to escape taking her vows."

"God grant it may be so," replied his friend.

The young novice was laid upon a bed, and, under Gretchen's skilful ministrations, she was able in a short time to sit up and relate her story to that good woman.

Hearing the sound of voices in the adjoining room, Katharine inquired if there were visitors in the house, and if her presence was known?

Gretchen gave an amused laugh. "My child," she said, "set your fears at rest. The gentlemen whose voices you hear do me the honor of lodging in my humble tenement. I am told that they are friends of yours and their names are Colonel Van Straalen and Heer Conrad Chenoweth."

The young officer now knocked at the door, and begged permission to see Mademoiselle La Tour a few moments, if she were able to grant him a brief interview.

"Allow my friend to come in, please," said Katharine, a soft flush creeping into her pale cheeks.

"Mademoiselle La Tour—Katharine," said the young officer, advancing and holding out his hand. If ever honest, faithful love was reflected in a man's eyes, it shone in his at this moment. Katharine was conscious of no feeling either of surprise or embarrassment at the sight of her friend. An unutterable sense of peace and security came over her.

"Katharine," continued Reynold Van Straalen, "I have loved you always, love you now as a man loves but one woman in his life. Will you give me the right to protect you from your enemies?"

And Katharine La Tour listened well pleased to this oft-told tale, old as humanity, everlasting as the hills, changeless as the ocean. The look with which she laid her hand in his firm clasp was beautiful in its humility and trustful love.

"My noble friend, can you forgive me for having rejected in days past your protection and your love, and for trying to stifle my heart's affections in yonder convent?"

"Say no more, my love. There is naught to for-

give. Henceforth you are mine, and I will protect you or die in the attempt."

"But I ought not to remain longer here," said Katharine. "By midnight my flight will be discovered, and Monseigneur Ryder will leave no stone unturned to force me to return. I am strong now. Let us fly!"

"We will return to our friends and talk the matter over with them," said Reynold.

Every one present rejoiced at the young girl's escape, and none more so than Conrad Chenoweth as he saw his friend's happiness, which was but a reflection of his own. Immediate flight seemed to be the unanimous verdict of the little company. Gretchen's son, who had been a silent spectator hitherto, now spoke:

"If I mistake not, I discovered to-day, about two miles out to sea, one of the ships of the 'Wild Beggars.' It is commanded, I surmise, by William de la Marck. He will harbor any fugitives gladly, as he knows no fear. If the Colonel will trust himself and the young lady to my guidance, I am sure I can help him out of his difficulty. But there is no time to be lost. The Admiral is quite likely to sail just before dawn, and to be many leagues from here by sunrise."

Reynold Van Straalen gladly availed himself of this generous offer. It was decided that he should accompany his betrothed to Leyden, where he

could leave her under the protection of friends, and from there he could make his plans to join the Prince of Orange. He took leave of his humble friends with profound emotion. He bade Conrad a brief farewell, as he fully expected his early arrival in Leyden.

After a hurried repast, the fugitives followed their guide through the deserted streets of the city, and successfully avoided the night-watchmen who were on duty. At last they reached one of the canals, and rousing a sleepy ferryman, with whom Peter was acquainted, they entered one of those brown slipper-like boats, which glide picturesquely about the Ouderhaven. A slight haziness, which was not exactly a mist, hung around the old houses and half veiled the bridges. The water lapped lazily about the tall gray posts. They drifted, rather than rowed, past timber rafts, huge canal boats, under bridges, past gloomy archways and the reflected shadows of tall houses, until they reached the harbor. Here they were obliged to land, as the ferryman refused to carry them farther.

Peter took the matter in hand. Finding the owner of a rowboat, he tried to hire him to row the party to the suspicious looking craft, which for several days had been lurking in the neighborhood. The boatman was timid, and did not dare to evade the law. Peter finally persuaded the man to loan him the use of the boat for a couple of hours, and

he boldly offered to row the party himself. The officer was loath to accept so generous an offer, but seeing no other avenue of escape, he suffered Peter to have his own way in the matter.

The sea was rough and the wind strong, but Peter had stout arms and rowed with no apparent effort. In due time they came astern the schooner Goodspeed, and shipped oars.

A call sounded from above.

"Who goes there?"

"Friends of the Beggars!" was the reply.

"All right!"

A rope ladder was swung over the side of the schooner. After pressing some gold into Peter's reluctant hand, Colonel Van Straalen assisted Katharine up the ladder, and then mounted himself.

A ferocious looking man, with shaggy, unkempt hair and beard, greeted them roughly.

"Whom have we here?"

Reynold briefly related his own story and that of Katharine.

De la Marck, for it was he, spoke in kinder tones. "You are welcome. I will drop you in Leyden on the morrow."

Savage and brutal in manner as persecution had made this man, he was loyal and kind-hearted, and never stopped to weigh personal interests where his Protestant fellow countrymen were concerned. He had made a vow not to use a razor until the

death of his kinsman, Egmont, was avenged. His deeds of outlawry had been condemned by the Prince of Orange; still, in defiance of strict orders, he continued to cruise upon the high seas, and to wreak his vengeance upon his hated foes.

The sailors comprised men in the different ranks of life, but all were dressed alike in the gray suits of mendicant friars, with beggars' wallets, a wooden bowl and spoon hung over the back, and a staff in each hand. In addition, however, to these peaceful accoutrements, each sailor was provided with a sword on his thigh and pistols at his belt. Each man wore a singular necklace: a chain to which a gold Gueulx penny was attached. On one side of the penny was the likeness of Philip II, and over it was this inscription: "Fideles au roi!" [Faithful to the King.] On the reverse side of the coin was a fac-simile of a beggar's wallet clasped in the hands, and above this were the words: "Jusques à porter la besace" [even to the carrying of a wallet].

Comfortable quarters were provided Katharine in the Admiral's cabin, and after a long rest, in which she slept the tranquil sleep of perfect confidence and security, she was awakened by the sound of her lover's voice.

"Arise, and come on deck, Katharine, as speedily as possible. The spires of Leyden are in sight."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH.

CONRAD CHENOWETH lay in a dungeon in the prison at Brussels, condemned to suffer death on the morrow.

Paul Buys, pensionary of Leyden, was in the secret service of the Prince, and employed agents in all parts of the Netherlands to help carry on the work begun by William of Orange. An extensive secret correspondence was conducted between all the large cities and towns of the kingdom. Conrad Chenoweth, as a valued friend of the Prince, was entrusted with important letters for several rich cloth merchants in Brussels, and the object of these letters was to secure money or pledges for the raising of more troops for the Prince.

The real names of the principal personages designated in these letters never appeared; but other names were substituted, which soon became familiar terms, not only in the Netherlands, but also in France, Germany and England. The Prince of Orange was always known as Martin Willemzoon;

the Duke of Alva as Master Powels van Alblas; Queen Elizabeth as Henry Philipzoon; the King of Denmark as Peter Peterson.

The twelve signs of the zodiac were used to indicate the twelve months of the year, and various other devices, suggested by ingenious minds, were used in this secret correspondence.

While leaving the house of one of these cloth merchants, Conrad Chenoweth was suddenly seized from behind by two powerful ruffians, and his arms pinioned before he could defend himself. He was thrown into prison, and his trial delayed for some weeks until Alva returned from suppressing the rebellion incited by Louis of Nassau.

On the Duke's return Conrad was brought before the Blood Council. Scorning to lie about the papers found concealed about his person, or to betray his relations to the Prince, he was summarily sentenced to death upon the gallows.

And now the last day of his earthly life was drawing to a close, and the twilight was falling. The vesper bells answered each other with silvery chimes, then ceased. The throbbing heart of the city grew still. The darkness and the silence, like something tangible, began to press upon heart and brain. The words which Conrad had often heard his mother repeat, and which formed the bed-rock of her faith, came to him in the gloom: "God will do whatever is best; and His will is always right."

"The best?" murmured Conrad. "What is best?"

Without were life, freedom, love, happiness; and Conrad Chenoweth was young. Youth, health and rich capacity for enjoyment were his. Within was darkness and the shadow of death. Yet he knew that in life or in death the everlasting arms were always underneath. His soul sought the covert which has been the shelter of innumerable hearts from the "windy storm and tempest," and he cried out in his extremity, "O God, we are Thy servants. Be it done unto us according to Thy word!"

Bright grew the gloom about him, brighter than the sunrise on the hills, which he would never tread again.

An hour passed, and the sound of footsteps was heard approaching the cell. Conrad listened indifferently. The steps came nearer and nearer. The door of the dungeon was unlocked, and a priest entered, bearing a lighted candle in his hands. He threw aside his cowl, and the face of Father Steen was revealed.

Conrad grasped his hand eagerly. "I am glad, reverend Father, that you were allowed to come to me instead of a strange priest. You have ever been my friend."

The Jesuit looked at the glowing face, and a sigh escaped his lips. "You have your mother's eyes," he said, half to himself. "Her son must not die

like a felon. Conrad Chenoweth, you saved my life once. I have come to save yours. There is no time to waste in words. Attire yourself in this suit as quickly as possible."

He handed the young man the long black robe and cowl of a priest. When Conrad had donned the suit the Jesuit said briefly,

"Now follow me!"

"Where?"

For answer, the priest took the candle and walked to the farther side of the dungeon and examined intently the solid wall of stone masonry. He passed his fingers slowly along the huge blocks of stone. Presently he found a slight depression in the rock, and using his strength he bore down upon this spot, but without any result.

"Give me the benefit of your youthful muscle," he said to the young man. "As I press this spring, bear down with your shoulder upon this block of stone."

The spring had evidently grown rusty from disuse, and it took several attempts with the united strength of both men before the massive block slid from its position and revealed a narrow passage beyond.

"How came you to know of this means of exit?" inquired Conrad.

The priest smiled. "Some ten years ago I was called to confess the head jailer of this prison, who

was dying. He revealed the secret of this passage to me, and said that after his death I was the only living person aware of the existence of this secret exit from the prison. He confessed that he had committed many foul and bloody wrongs in this underground alley. Follow me, my son, without fear. I know every inch of the way."

Taking the candle they walked for quite a distance between narrow walls, and finally came upon an obstruction which seemed to Conrad to be incapable of removal. It proved to be an ingeniously contrived trap-door, which the priest, who seemed familiar with its workings, easily opened, and they came out into an open field.

"My plan for your escape is this," said Father Steen. "I will see that you pass the city gates in safety. A half mile beyond, in the clump of firs on the right, you will find a swift horse. Ride for your life till sunrise, but remain in concealment during the day. You will find provisions in the saddle-bag, as well as a brace of pistols. A man will be guarding the horse, but when you give him the password, 'Loyola,' he will allow you to take the horse without any further conversation. The fellow is close-mouthed, and you do not need to fear that he will take you to be other than you appear —a Jesuit in good and regular standing."

"My kind, generous friend!" said Conrad, grasping the priest's hand. "Will not your noble

act involve you in difficulties? I cannot accept your aid if it costs you your life."

"Be not needlessly alarmed, my son. I have not been a Jesuit all these years in vain. My tracks are thoroughly covered. The jailer does not know me, as I was careful to conceal my face when I entered the prison to-night. Before sunrise I shall be en route for Rome, whither my Superior has sent me on a special commission. No one in the House knew that I left that place this evening. Monseigneur Ryder is a keen man, and he may have his suspicions when he learns the fact of your escape, but he will protect the interests of his Order."

"You are a noble man!" said Conrad. "Would that you were one of the pioneers of the Reformation, instead of a Jesuit."

Conrad had gone too far. The priest's face hardened.

"There cropped out the fanaticism of John Chenoweth!" he said sternly. "But enough of this! What I am, I am. The years will leave me as they found me. I am striving after holiness, and if at the last I fail of attaining it, it will not be from lack of endeavor."

"Forgive my hasty words!" said Conrad. "I trust you are a sincere follower of Christ, although you are a Jesuit."

They had now reached the city gates, and Father Steen roused the sleepy guard with these words:

"Open in the name of the Church. My brother in Christ is obliged to depart at once on important business."

The guard opened the gates as he was bidden, and Conrad Chenoweth stepped forth a free man.

Before he could cast about in his mind for suitable words with which to acknowledge a gift so unspeakable, the Jesuit said, "Make haste, brother, and may God speed you on your way." Father Steen then turned on his heel and walked rapidly in the opposite direction.

A week later, in a pleasant house in the suburbs of Leyden, a double wedding was consummated. Francis Junius read the solemn words of the marriage service which united the lives of Reynold Van Straalen and Katharine La Tour, and Conrad Chenoweth and the Burgomaster's daughter Hilvardine.

Dr. Chenoweth was in Leyden with his wife, recovering slowly from the effects of an ugly wound in his side. There were no witnesses to the marriage outside of the family. It was a joyful, yet solemn occasion, for on the morrow the two young men were to join the army of the Prince on the French frontier.

The Huguenot preacher surveyed the little group

before him with solemn prescience. Lifting his hands in benediction, he said, "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom; and God remembers His covenant forever; the word He has spoken to a thousand generations."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE MIDNIGHT ASSASSIN.

It was the spring of 1574. William of Orange sat in a room in his spacious mansion at Delft, reading despatches. One in particular seemed to touch him. It was an announcement from a Protestant clergyman, stating that as soon as he could make his way through the enemy's lines he would present in person the contribution which his needy flock had gathered together for the Prince.

The unequal contest between the people of the Netherlands and the Spanish government continued unabated. The Duke of Alva in his greed had at last overreached the mark. He levied a tax of the tenth penny upon every article of merchandise or personal property, to be paid as often as it should be sold, said tax to be perpetual. No one was exempt. This was a blow which struck home to every fireside. If enforced, commerce would be paralyzed. Religious persecution had failed to unite these provinces. Alva's oppression accomplished this union, and the different States were

unanimous in their opposition and purpose to revolt.

About this time Admirals Treslong and De la Marck took possession of the towns of Brill and Flushing. A small but important seaport was also taken, and half the island of Walcheren renounced the yoke of Spain. Enkhuizen, the key to the Zuyder Zee, followed suit, and with a great burst of enthusiasm rose and threw off the tyrant's yoke. Amsterdam was the only town in Holland remaining loyal to Spain; and in Zealand only Middleburg and Tergoes were submissive to Spanish rule. Louis of Nassau secured Mons, and one by one the important cities and towns throughout the Netherlands accepted garrisons of the Prince's army.

But the success of the patriots was capricious. Terrible reverses followed. The gallant Louis was defeated and killed at Mookerhyde and his army scattered. The army of the Prince, harassed by Alva's tactics, poorly paid and starving, mutinied at last. The massacre of St. Bartholomew put to flight all hopes of a Huguenot reinforcement which had been promised Orange. The terrified cities and towns of Belgium once more placed their necks under the heel of the conquering Alva. Tyranny was again triumphant.

But the Silent Prince remained calm and hopeful in the midst of crushing defeat. He was submissive to the will of God. "Nevertheless," he says, "since

it has pleased God to disappoint us, it is necessary to have patience and not to lose courage, conforming ourselves to His divine will, yet proceeding onward in our work with his almighty aid." William's faith was sublime. He did not waver an instant, even when the storm was wildest and the night darkest. "The God of armies is with us," he wrote, "and he will fight in the midst of his forces."

With a small army of chosen followers, Orange went to Holland, the only province now which regarded him as protector and sovereign. When he reached Holland he both expected and prepared to die. "Here will I make my sepulchre," he said, in the touching words of Scripture. If he could not effect the liberation of Holland he was ready to share her fate.

And Holland received with tears of gratitude and words of affection the unsuccessful and proscribed Prince of Orange. With heart and soul the people obeyed William's commands implicitly, and began to raise money and levy troops for the final desperate struggle for liberty.

Alva, finding to his cost that these "men of butter" could offer prolonged resistance, wearied at length of the contest, and resigned the governorship of the Netherlands. Requesens was appointed to fill his place.

Part of the Prince's forces were at Delft and part at Rotterdam.

Such was the condition of affairs when the incident about to be related took place.

The room in which the Prince of Orange sat was scantily furnished. The silver plate which he possessed in such abundance had long ago been sold to pay his soldiers. Very little now remained to remind one of the magnificent style in which the Prince once lived. He had literally sacrificed all for his country.

"Please make several copies of this letter," he said to his secretary, Conrad Chenoweth, "they must be sent by morning. I think I will retire early to-night, as I am tired."

A stout Dutchman was stationed outside the door of the Prince's bedchamber, for there had already been several attempts upon the life of Orange.

After a short time the Prince reappeared in the doorway. "Chenoweth," he said, "I am unaccountably nervous to-night. Would you mind bringing your writing in here? I shall quickly fall asleep if my faithful friend is near."

Accordingly, Conrad complied with the Prince's request, and placing a dark screen before the light he began to write. The deep breathing of the Prince soon showed that he was asleep. After a time Conrad heard a strange sound. As the hour was now late, he paused a few moments to rest. As it was no unusual thing for couriers to arrive in the

night on urgent business, the young man gave no further heed to the noise. Again it sounded, and nearer this time, and he imagined he could distinguish a stealthy footfall close to his ear. He lowered the lamp-wick and looked about the chamber.

It contained one costly painting, which extended from floor to ceiling, representing the coronation of the fair Jacqueline, that ill-starred heroine of so many Netherland ballads and dramas. In one part of the picture was an assassin, dagger in hand, sent by the Duke of Burgundy to murder his cousin. The gleam of the dying embers in the grate shot forth a lurid, fitful glare, and the light falling on the dagger and on the life-sized figures in the picture made them seem real. To the highly wrought imagination of the young man the scene was once more enacted.

Again he heard that curious, muffled sound, accompanied by a clicking noise. Was he dreaming or not? The picture seemed to move inward like a door! Conrad placed his hand on his trusty sword and watched. Soon he saw the dark face of a man peering cautiously into the room. Reassured by the heavy breathing of the Prince, the man advanced. He was a powerfully built Spaniard, and in his hand was a gleaming dirk.

Conrad saw at a glance that in open contest the ruffian was more than a match for him. There was little time to consider what was the best mode of

procedure. He waited until the assassin was well inside the room, and was creeping stealthily toward the bed, when he suddenly sprang upon him with his sword, at the same time calling loudly upon the night watchman. The Spaniard uttered an oath, and struck at Conrad with his dagger. The young man sank to the floor unconscious. The sentinel was in the room, however, together with several others, who had heard the noise of the scuffle, and the villain was soon bound.

William, aroused by the noise, sprang to Conrad's side.

"Has my faithful friend sacrificed his life to save mine?" he said.

Placing his hand over the young man's heart, he felt a faint pulsation. He ordered him to be laid on the bed, and a surgeon was soon in attendance. He declared that the wound was not necessarily fatal, but had the dagger entered the side a fraction of an inch lower down it would have found the heart.

William now looked at his would-be assassin. "Why do you hate me so?" he said, with more of sorrow in his tones than anger. "I have never done you any harm!"

"I neither hate nor love you!" replied the Spaniard. "I was in a sore strait for money, and Monseigneur Ryder offered me four hundred ducats if I would do this job. Part of this sum he

paid me in advance, and I was to have received the remainder to-morrow when I returned to Brussels."

"Take the prisoner and lock him up securely for the night," said the Prince, "but see that he is treated kindly. To-morrow we will decide what is best to do with him."

The guard obeyed reluctantly. They desired to execute the fellow on the spot, before he did any more mischief, but William's commands were final.

The next morning found Conrad Chenoweth much improved. The Prince sent for the soldier who had charge of the prisoner, and said, "Let him go his way. He has not committed murder, and I do not wish to deprive a man of life when he is but the irresponsible tool of others."

The soldier began to argue in favor of a speedy execution, but William answered him kindly but decidedly, "If I can forgive this man certainly you ought to be able to do so. Obey my command!"

Greatly to the surprise of the Spaniard, he was simply escorted to the boundaries of the town and told that it meant instant death for him to so much as show his head in the place again.

This occurrence was soon banished from the minds of all by the return of Reynold Van Straalen, who brought the sad news that the Spanish troops had laid siege to Leyden.

CHAPTER XXXV.

SHUT IN.

LEYDEN was one of the most beautiful cities in the Netherlands. It was situated on a tributary of the river Rhine, and was interlaced with canals, upon whose sides were rows of stately poplar and lime trees. The houses were elegant, the public buildings imposing and substantial, the streets wide, and public gardens and squares numerous. The pastures reclaimed from the ocean were filled with sleek cattle, and the kitchen gardens and the orchards bore witness to the thrift and prosperity of the people.

"Leyden is besieged!" was the startling announcement which Dr. Chenoweth brought to his little household one morning. "The Spaniards have surrounded us with a cordon of forts and redoubts!"

The faces of the women blanched. The Spanish army lay between them and their dear ones. The Prince of Orange would therefore be powerless to aid them.

"Is all lost?" said Madam Chenoweth, in faltering tones.

"No!" said her husband. "All is not lost so long as there is an almighty arm above to defend us and Prince William lives. I shall never despair while that noble man is alive. He has sent a message to the citizens of Leyden, saying that if they can hold out three months he will rescue them."

The people were strong and courageous, and stimulated by the heroic conduct of their military commandant, John Van der Does, they fully resolved to resist all overtures on the part of the enemy and to trust to the word of the Prince.

A liberally-baited trap in the form of a gracious amnesty was presented the city by the Grand Commander Requesens. The sole condition of mercy was to return to the mother Church.

"As long as there is a man left in Leyden we will contend for our liberty and our religion," was the reply of the people.

The only two persons in Leyden who availed themselves of the offer of pardon were a brewer and the son of a refugee pedler.

The garrison within the city consisted of a small corps of volunteers and five companies of burghers. Fierce combats and sorties occurred daily, and many shells were thrown into the city, causing terrible havoc. The culverines from the bastions of the forts belched forth their message of defiance

and death. But there was no time for tears. All able-bodied persons were needed to render assistance.

Madam Chenoweth accompanied her husband to the hospital and even to the ramparts, where she moved about quietly, heedless of the rain of bullets as though they had been snowflakes, while she tenderly assisted her husband in the care of the wounded.

The brave women of Leyden rendered valuable service. Strong Frisian arms trundled wheelbarrows filled with stones to repair the breaches in the wall, or melted pitch for the burning hoops, which they hurled into the midst of their assailants, or loaded muskets and helped to remove the wounded to a place of safety.

The city was full of lamentation. There were few households that escaped the horrors of the siege. There was no "beacon height of lonely suffering" here. One touch of nature had made all Leyden akin.

Hilvardine Chenoweth took charge of the orphan children who had flocked into the city from Haarlem just before the siege. Katharine assisted in the hospital, where her sweet face and gentle words administered comfort to the sufferers. She had developed a courage foreign to her nature. As with the wife of one of the Frisian martyrs, "fear seemed to have fallen from her like a garment."

There were few who spoke such words of power to the dying. Under the light of a pure gospel her whole nature seemed at rest.

But while the bloody hand of war held the city in its grasp, another grim foe threatened Leyden, namely, famine. The city had been but scantily stocked with provisions at the outset, and the citizens had immediately been put upon short rations. Two of the three months allotted them by the Prince had now expired. Bread was a thing of the past, and malt cakes were used as a substitute. Horse-flesh was the only meat available, and of these provisions only a scanty allowance was apportioned each one.

From his bed of sickness in Rotterdam, where the Prince of Orange languished with a fever, the devoted patriot dictated encouraging messages, which were delivered to the citizens of Leyden either by carrier pigeons or by swift couriers, called "jumpers."

"We are straining every nerve to help you," he wrote. "All Holland is exerting herself to save you. An army can accomplish nothing in your extremity. Our hope is from the sea."

The Prince held the cities of Delft and Rotterdam, and between these the fortress of Polderwaert. This gave him control of the dykes in this vicinity. William felt confident that the only salvation for Leyden lay in piercing the dykes and flooding the

country about the besieged city. Leyden was not on the ocean, but the ocean could be brought to Leyden. He therefore pierced the dykes in sixteen places, and likewise ordered the sluices at Rotterdam, Schiedam and Delfthaven opened.

"Better a drowned land than a conquered land!" cried the sturdy patriots, as they saw their fruitful orchards and growing crops overwhelmed by the flood. A fleet of vessels was prepared and stocked with provisions, which should be brought to the succor of Leyden as soon as the waters were high enough to float the ships.

Starvation now stared the people of Leyden in the face. Malt cake and horse-flesh were both consumed. Only a few dried biscuit remained, and such remnants of vegetation as would have been repugnant to the human palate in days of plenty.

Another tempting offer of peace was held out by the Spaniards. But the poor sufferers, with pinched faces and skeleton frames, cried out, "We will not surrender!" They remembered Naarden and Haarlem, and they refused to believe the fair speech of the enemy.

Another pitiful despatch was sent the Prince: "We have kept our promise. We have held out two months with food and one month without food. In a few days we shall all be dead."

The cheering announcement came back that the waters were rapidly rising, and about Leyden they

had reached the depth of ten inches, and were seriously inconveniencing the enemy. As if to mock the misery of the people, the plague broke out in the city and swept away thousands.

Dr. Chenoweth's family had all survived, but the unflagging zeal of Katharine Van Straalen had finally brought on a fever, and it seemed hardly possible that she could survive. No one would have recognized the hollow faces in this home, so changed were they by want and suffering. Every day Dr. Chenoweth went to the round tower in the centre of the city to look out over the country and to note if the sea was coming to bring them deliverance.

The waters rose but slowly. The taunting cries of the Spaniards reached the ears of the citizens. "Where is your Prince? Where are the waters which are going to cover the dry land? If the Prince promised to pluck the stars from heaven or to stay the march of the sun and moon, you poor fools would believe it."

The discouraged watchers in the tower of Hengist began to lose faith in both God and man.

"Oh!" cried Madam Chenoweth, "for one hour of the east wind which flooded Friesland and swept so many homes from the face of the earth!"

Old Lysken, who had been a tower of strength in this little household, at last succumbed to disease.

"Do not weep for me!" she said to her beloved mistress. "Old Lysken is too feeble to smooth her lady's hair or to make the frocks for the child. She is worn out. There will be one less mouth to feed, one less to drain your scanty hoard. I shall soon be in that city where the inhabitant shall never say 'I am sick,' or 'I am hungry.' You should rejoice and not weep!"

And little Elizabeth! The rounded cheeks grew painfully hollow, the blue eyes were sunken, and one morning she could not be awakened to the dreary noises of earth. This pure white lily had floated to the sands of the eternal shore.

The watchman in the tower brought the news that the fleet had reached the Land Scheiding, a dyke within five miles of Leyden, but at this point its progress was arrested.

The famished crowd who waited for tidings gave a cry of execration at this announcement. Then they went to the house of the Burgomaster, Adrian Van der Werf, and demanded that he should surrender.

The Burgomaster came to the door in response to this appeal. He was a gaunt, wasted man, but there was a look of dauntless courage in his eyes.

"Friends," he said, "my life is at your disposal. Take my sword, plunge it into my body, and divide my flesh among you. I can die but once, and whether by your hand or by God's hand I care not.

Your threats move me not. Starvation is better than a dishonorable capitulation. I shall not surrender!"

These heroic words calmed the starving wretches, who again renewed their pledges of fealty, and then dispersed.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE PRINCE TO THE RESCUE.

On board the flotilla, manned by Admiral Boisot and eight hundred bold Zealanders, who neither gave nor received quarter, the sailors watched with eager interest the condition of the clouds and the waves.

It was now a week since the great dyke had been pierced, and the rise of the waters was stayed. The flotilla remained motionless, having accomplished but two out of the fifteen miles which separated it from the starving city. The wind remained easterly, which was unfavorable. The waters fell to a depth of nine inches, and it required eighteen or twenty inches to float the vessels.

A gale arose, however, and for three days and nights the wind blew from the northwest. The waters rose rapidly, and the vessels passed all the barriers until they reached North Aa, where they were stopped by the dyke called the Kirk-way. The gale had now subsided, and the wind once more changed to easterly.

The sailors were frantic at their enforced idleness.

The pitiful messages which the carrier pigeons brought them made them utter wanton curses. Leyden was sublime in her despair. She had resolved to die rather than surrender to the Spaniard.

The Prince of Orange, but just on his feet from a severe illness and hardly convalescent, insisted on accompanying Admiral Boisot to the succor of the beleaguered city. His physicians implored him to stay away from that plague-stricken spot, but the noble Prince replied, "I am in the hands of God. If He has ordained me to perish, be it so! My duty is with my suffering people." He rebuked the sailors for their profanity, and inspired fresh confidence by his mere presence.

Admiral Boisot and the Prince paced the deck.

"If the spring-tide now to be expected should not come immediately, and with it a strong and favorable wind, this expedition will shortly have to be abandoned," said the Admiral.

"I have seen many hours as dark as this," replied William, "but I have never lost my faith in the sovereign goodness of God. If Leyden falls, all is lost. Victory for Spain means a victory for Rome. It means the triumph of the Inquisition and of priestly tyranny. Victory for the Netherlands means liberty of conscience, an unchained Bible, free thought. It has seemed to many as though God was deaf to the cries of His children,

—that He holds aloof from the petty affairs of earth. But I still believe that He ruleth in the heavens, and that He will give to every man and to every nation according to their works."

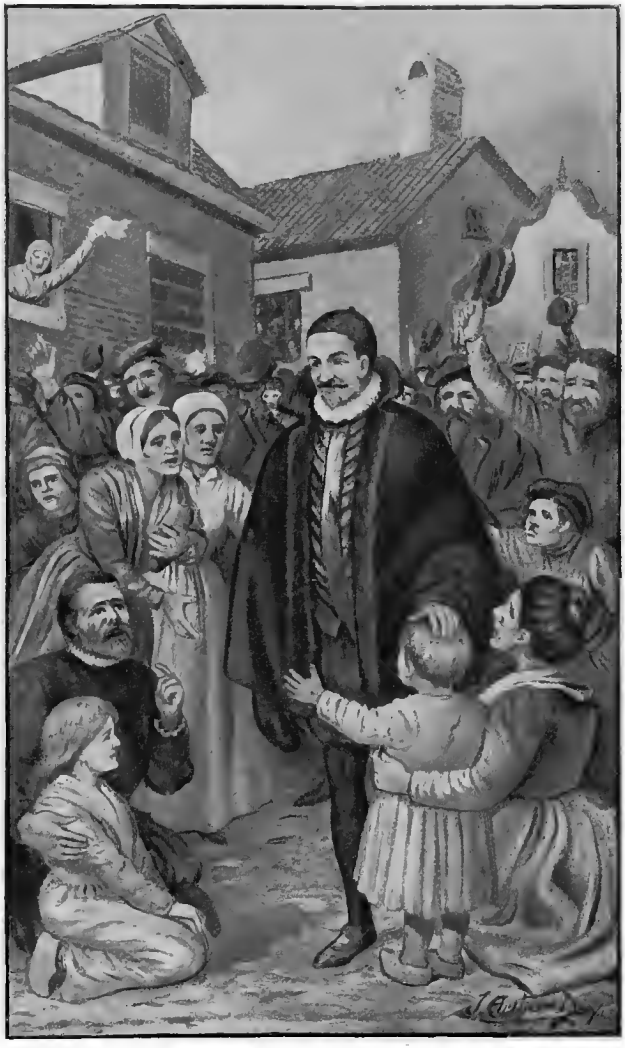
As if to ratify this sublime faith, that very night a violent equinoctial storm blew from the southwest. The waters of the North Sea piled up against the coast of Holland, and the sea rode triumphantly over the ruined dykes. On swept the fleet, borne aloft on the great waves.

The Spaniards, seeing that the ocean now favored these sturdy Dutchmen, fled precipitately from their forts in the night, and in the morning a death-like stillness prevailed where the Admiral had expected a salvo of artillery.

The silence was sickening. Both the Prince and Boisot suspected treachery, and the fleet was anchored at a respectful distance from the frowning fortress. The watchman at length espied a solitary boy, who had climbed to the summit of the fort, and leaning over the narrow parapet waved his cap and cheered.

In an instant the Prince grasped the situation.

"Admiral Boisot," he said impressively, "last night you doubted the goodness of God. The Spaniards far outnumbered us, and perhaps would have ruined this enterprise had they been permitted. But God, who holds the sea in his hand and who sends the tempest and the mighty wind,



"MY CHILDREN, KNEEL NOT TO ME." Page 267.

sent terror into the craven hearts of our enemies. The Spaniards have fled! The fort is deserted! Leyden is saved!"

With a mighty cheer the flotilla was borne to the very gates of the starving city. The quays were lined with famished men, women and children. Loaves of bread were flung from the vessels into the midst of the crowd. The Prince and the Admiral stepped ashore, and the great throng of gaunt, wasted creatures, with tears and with prayers of thanksgiving, knelt in the streets before their noble deliverer.

The tears rolled down William's cheeks as he saw how these brave citizens had suffered. Then he said with love and tenderness:

"My children, kneel not to me, but to the heavenly Prince who has enabled you to endure to the end. Let us return thanks to God."

A solemn procession was formed, and all that famished throng who were able to walk, together with the Prince, the Admiral, and the fierce Zealand sailors, repaired to the church, where the Prince gave thanks to God for this signal proof of his love and goodness. Then a hymn was raised, but only a line had been sung in weak, trembling voices, when the great congregation gave way to tears, but they were tears of joy.

Then loaves of bread were distributed—bread,

the staff of life—the manna in the wilderness—God's unfailing gift to men, bread in abundance!

Dr. Chenoweth was the only one able to leave his home and represent his household at this impressive service. He quickly returned, bearing the precious loaves of bread, and better yet, he was accompanied by his son and Reynold Van Straalen.

Conrad took his beloved wife in his arms, but not a word did either of them speak. There is a kind of joy which expresses itself either by an eloquent silence or by tears.

"Where is Katharine?" asked Colonel Van Straalen.

Dr. Chenoweth led the way into the chamber where the young wife still lay battling for life. The fever flush had faded from her cheek, but her pulse was failing, and she had lain for hours in a stupor.

"Speak to her!" said Dr. Chenoweth, as the anguished husband knelt by the bedside, and with rigid, stony face gazed at the sick girl.

"Katharine! My love!" he cried, in tones piercing and tremulous with agony.

The sound of that voice roused the sleeper. She uttered a deep sigh, and the blue-veined eyelids quivered for an instant.

"Katharine! Speak to me!" The large, wistful eyes opened.

"Reynold!" she whispered, with a look full of

content. Then her eyes closed again, but this time it was to fall into a natural slumber.

"Thank God, she is saved!" said Dr. Chenoweth.

For hours Katharine slept, rousing at intervals, when a strong stimulant was administered. When she finally awoke from this refreshing slumber she found her husband still by her side.

"My precious wife," said Colonel Van Straalen, "God has spared us to each other. We shall yet thank him and serve him together."

Prince William remained a few days in Leyden, stimulating and encouraging the people.

"We have had the honor," he said, "of doing what no nation ever did before us: we have defended and maintained ourselves, unaided, in so small a country, against the tremendous efforts of such powerful enemies. So long as the poor inhabitants of Holland, though deserted by all the world, hold firm, it will cost the Spaniards the half of Spain in money and men before they can make an end of us."

To this heroic and loyal city the Prince offered as a reward for their fidelity the choice of two things: perpetual exemption from taxation, or the founding of a university, which should be known as the University of Leyden.

To their lasting credit, be it said that the Dutch

citizens of Leyden chose the latter gift; and as soon as they had recovered their health, and to some degree their former prosperity, a gala day, garnished by stately processions, martial music and ornate speeches, inaugurated the founding of this historic seat of learning.

Holland, Zealand and Friesland were now united, and an assembly of delegates, meeting in November, 1574, implored William to assume absolute control of these estates, under whatever title he pleased—either governor, king or emperor.

The Prince of Orange accepted this honor, although he resolutely put aside the diadem which the Congress of Delft offered him. It was enough for him to be recognized as the Father of his country. The title, "Father William," by which he was universally known, pleased him best. He cared nothing for mere titles of honor. He was absorbed in the greater question as to how best he might uplift his nation.

Upon only one question did the Prince issue peremptory commands. He insisted that there should be no persecution of the Roman Catholics in those provinces under his control. "My purpose," he said, "is to strangle the Spanish Inquisition, not to institute a Protestant Inquisition for the suppressing of those who differ from us in matters of conscience. I will never meddle with a man's religious thoughts. They are between himself and his God."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE DEATH OF THE SILENT PRINCE.

TEN years passed, and still the war continued. But it was conducted in a languid and desultory manner, and there were many intervals of peace. The Grand Commander Requesens had been succeeded by Don John of Austria, and he by Alexander of Parma.

The provinces of Holland and Zealand were united in one great hatred and one great hope. They determined to regain their ancient privileges and to expel the detested foreigners from their soil. Brave little Holland was the leader in this enterprise. Think for a moment of that narrow strip of sand and half-submerged earth, only one hundred and twenty miles in length, and from four to forty miles in width, and of that one man, with a backing of only a few cities, waging war for ten years with the most powerful despot of the age!

In the breathing space now afforded them, the people of Holland and Zealand repaired the dykes which they had destroyed in self-defence. It was a

stupendous task, but the Prince encouraged the people by his presence and his energy. Yearly the Prince made a tour of the provinces. His coming was heralded by the spontaneous homage of grateful hearts. William did not appear before his fellow countrymen as a vulgar potentate seeking admiration. He was like a beloved father visiting his children, and happy and honored were those who heard his voice or grasped his hand. No one was too humble or too ignorant to approach him. His gracious words and outstretched hand were for all.

In 1579 the "Union of Utrecht" occurred, which was the corner-stone of the Netherland Republic. Nine provinces out of the seventeen had ranged themselves on the side of the Prince of Orange, and now they formally banded themselves together for mutual protection and support. They agreed to defend each other "with life, goods and blood" against all force brought to bear upon them by the King of Spain. This union placed the Reformed religion on a level with the old. Protestantism was no longer proscribed. From out of subterranean cellars, forests, caves, and secret conventicles, the heretics who had worshipped God with fear and trembling came out boldly into the light of day, and voiced their devotions in language consonant with their beliefs.

There had been many attempts on the part of Spain to treat with the Prince of Orange, but he

spurned the proffered hand of majesty. "There can be no friendship between the destroyer and the protector of a people," he said.

At the instigation of Cardinal Granvelle, whose hatred of the Prince of Orange was of ancient date, Philip very readily consented to set a price upon the head of Orange. "It will be well," he wrote Parma, "to offer thirty thousand crowns or so to any one who will deliver the Prince, dead or alive. Thus the country will be rid of a man so pernicious." Accordingly, the famous Ban was fulminated against the foremost statesman of the age, and would-be assassins vied with each other for the coveted reward.

The Silent Prince treated this official document with the contempt it deserved. He replied to it in his "Apology," which was one of the most memorable documents of history.

In 1582, at a public festival, in which the Prince took an active part, his life was attempted. A young man approached him and handed him a petition. As William began to read it, the youth drew a pistol and discharged it at the head of Orange. The ball passed into his neck, and entering the mouth came out under the left jawbone. For four weeks the condition of the Prince was critical, but he recovered.

When William was restored to consciousness, his first words were, "Do not kill him! I forgive

him my death!" referring to his murderer. But these words of mercy came too late. The military guard had fallen upon the criminal on the spot, and immediately despatched him.

In the pockets of the murderer were found a Jesuit catechism, a prayer-book, an Agnus Dei, a crucifix, and tablets covered with prayers addressed to the Virgin, the Saviour, and the Saviour's Son (!) imploring their combined aid in bringing this murderous deed to a safe and sure accomplishment. This poor fanatic had furthermore offered to bribe the heavenly host, from Christ down to the Virgin Mary, if they would mercifully preserve his life. To the Saviour he promised "a coat of costly pattern," to the Virgin at Guadalupe "a new gown." To the "Mother of God" at Montserrat "a crown, a gown and a lamp," and so on throughout the heavenly household.

And what of our friends, the Chenoweths and Van Straalens? After the siege of Leyden, Dr. Chenoweth received a letter from a former patient who had emigrated to South Africa some years previously. In this letter, Heer Ogier described the fertility of the coast country, the salubrious climate and the tropical vegetation, and he urged the doctor to come out there with his family, as the conditions for a permanent and prosperous settlement were highly favorable. Already many re-

fugees from France, Germany and the Low Countries had gone thither, and the nucleus of a colony was already on the ground.

Dr. Chenoweth laid the matter before his household. The male members at once declared emphatically that it would be cowardly to desert their native land in her time of need. Madam Chenoweth, in whom the sentiment of patriotism was a passion, warmly approved this decision. The young wives, Hilvardine and Katharine, were not cast in the same heroic mould. They would have preferred quiet homes and the joys of domestic life.

"Why do you object to emigration?" said Hilvardine to her husband when they were alone. "Surely in times of war an army is often obliged to retreat before overwhelming forces. Such a course is not only permissible, but honorable."

"But you forget, my dear," said Conrad, "that it would be a dastardly act to depart and leave the Prince to bear the brunt of the storm. I once told you that I was willing to sacrifice everything for you, save honor."

Hilvardine said no more. In the course of time Conrad and his friend Reynold resumed their positions in the army of Orange.

Dr. Chenoweth was too infirm to engage in military duties, and he had built a house in Leyden similar to the one he had occupied in Antwerp.

The building, from its tiny windows to its brass bell and the scraper on the *stoep*, was scrupulously clean and trim, and here, amid joy and pain, the bittersweets of life, which are included in that one word, home, dwelt our friends. Time had dealt gently with them all. Dr. Chenoweth's hair had silvered, and he walked with less vigorous tread; but as he sat on his vine-covered porch, beside his still comely wife, he was the picture of stately rest after labor.

One afternoon in July, 1584, the family were surprised by the unexpected appearance of Conrad and Reynold. Their faces were grief-stricken, and they made no attempt to conceal their profound emotion.

"What has happened?" inquired Dr. Chenoweth.

Conrad could not answer, for tears choked his utterance, and Reynold replied, "William, Prince of Orange, has at last been assassinated."

"Assassinated?" echoed his listeners, with blanched faces.

"Yes," was the reply. "There have been five attempts to murder the Prince within the last two years. The sixth attempt was successful."

"Tell us the particulars of this foul deed!" said Dr. Chenoweth, in a broken voice.

"A young man came to the house of the Prince in Delft, and represented himself as Francis Guion,

a Protestant, and the son of a Calvinist who had been martyred for his faith. He desired to serve the Prince, and although he possessed a villainous countenance the Prince, always loath to believe a man to be other than he claimed to be, took him into his household. On the tenth of July, as the Prince was coming up the stairs to his chamber, having just dined, a man suddenly appeared on the stairs within a few feet of him and discharged a pistol at William's heart. Three poisoned balls entered his body, and the Prince, feeling that death was near, exclaimed, 'O God, have mercy upon my soul! Have mercy on this poor people!' These were the only words he spoke. In a few moments he breathed his last in the arms of his wife. His murderer was in reality Balthazar Gérard, a fanatical Catholic, who believed it to be his mission to rid the world of that 'foul heretic,' William of Orange. He confided his diabolical scheme to the Regent of the Jesuit College at Tréves, whose name history has not preserved. That dignitary gave Gérard his blessing, and told him that if he performed his mission he should be enrolled with the martyrs."

"And what became of Gérard? Was he allowed to escape?"

"No. He was speedily captured, and was literally torn in pieces. This cruel execution was an

insult to the memory of the noble man whose death the Netherlanders sought to avenge."

After tea the reunited household gathered on the piazza. The air was spicy and fragrant with the perfume of a thousand blossoms. The sun was fast nearing the horizon, a red disk in an amber sky.

Conrad had just been speaking of the grief of the people at the death of their beloved leader, and saying that in Delft, when the calamity became known, the little children cried in the streets.

"What was the secret of our Prince's greatness?" inquired Katharine Van Straalen.

Different opinions were expressed, extolling his love of freedom, his spirit of self-abnegation, his charity for the opinions of others, and his faith in God.

"I think these qualities can all be summed up in one sentence," said Madam Chenoweth. "I can express myself no better than by appropriating the strong Saxon phrase of the ancient apostle. The quality which the Silent Prince possessed, and which was the foundation of all his eminent virtues was, 'the grace of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.'"

"The people of Holland have lost their Father," said Conrad, "and the human race a devoted champion of liberty. God be praised that our fallen

leader lived to see the dawn of freedom, and the day-star of joy and peace arise upon the nation."

"Yes," replied Dr. Chenoweth, "there is no assassin strong enough, and no weapon deadly enough, to quench the inextinguishable spark of liberty in the human breast. The friends of liberty die, but liberty itself, a fruit of the Gospel, is immortal."

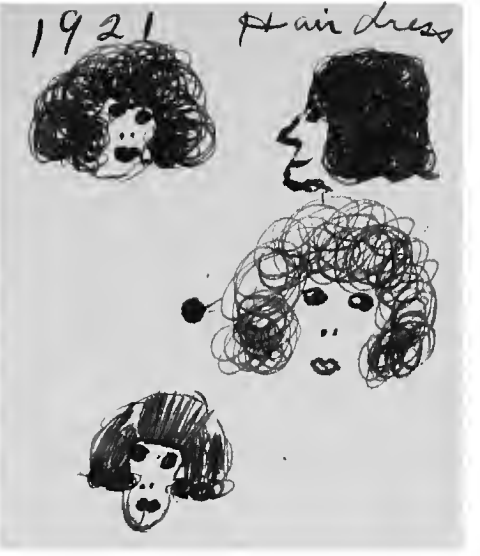
THE END.

ROBERT DRUMMOND, PRINTER, NEW YORK.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The author begs to acknowledge the following sources of information or suggestion:

"The Rise of the Dutch Republic." Motley.
"In Troubled Times."
"The Liberation of Holland." Charles.
"History of Philip II." Prescott.
"History of the Netherlands." Young.
"How They Kept the Faith." Raymond.
"The Exiles." Dupuy.
"History of the Reformation." D'Aubigné.
"The Key to the Holy House." Lee.
"History of Spain." Harrison.


1921
Hair dress